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ITALY.

THE riots at Turin are very much to be regretted, but they do not appear to possess any political importance. The populace of Turin is generally so very orderly, and the city is ordinarily so quiet and dull, that the Government evidently did not apprehend that any disturbance could take place. And it still appears to have been almost an accident that any blood was shed. The dissatisfaction naturally felt, on the announcement that Turin was no longer to be the capital, was increased by the imprudent language in which the change was advocated in the *Gazette*. An angry mob paraded the streets, and unfortunately a regiment of Carbineers fired without waiting for the word of command. On the second occasion, when a much more serious collision took place, the Ministry was equally unlucky in the precautions it took as it had been before in not taking any precaution at all. Troops were posted in considerable strength round three sides of one of the principal piazzas. A crowd was collected there, in which no dangerous designs were apparent, and it seemed as if all would pass off quietly, when the report of a firearm was heard, the troops were seized with a panic and fired indiscriminately, hitting not only persons in the crowd, but many of their own fellow-soldiers on the side of the piazza opposite. The soldiers were, in fact, so posted that they were as dangerous to each other as to the mob. This sad event produced a most painful impression, and the Ministry rightly judged that the proper persons to propose to the Italian Parliament the adoption of the treaty were not the men through whose inadvertence or misfortune so much Italian blood had been shed. They resigned, and General DELLA MARMORA has undertaken to form a Ministry. His name is alone sufficient to indicate that the irritation of the Turinese is a mere effervescence of local jealousy. He has always acted with the Piedmontese party, and the Piedmontese generally do not appear to view the proposed transfer of the capital with any great dislike. It is true that not only the mob of Turin, but the municipality, has protested against the change. But the municipality of Turin has every reason to regret it. Personally, its members will lose in pocket by a change that will deprive them of many excellent customers; and, as a body, the municipality is naturally anxious about its revenues. Finding Turin the resort of a vast number of officials and strangers, and speculating on the many difficulties which must be surmounted before Rome could become the capital, it invited speculators to build on a large scale, and offered the guarantee of the municipality against loss. Therefore, when Turin is no longer the capital, not only will its inhabitants find themselves poorer, and the municipality have less to spend, but taxes may have to be imposed in order to fulfil a guarantee undertaken to provide buildings which will have become useless or unremunerative. The Turinese, therefore, naturally shrink from a future that will bear heavily on them, while they will not be cheered by the thought that their personal sacrifices have been caused by the success of their nation in its great aspiration for Rome as its capital. But all this dissatisfaction is confined to Turin. It does not touch Piedmont, except in a faint degree, and Turin is utterly powerless to influence the policy of Italy. Elsewhere the proposed Convention has been received very favourably. The Florentines have wisely proclaimed that they do not regard the choice of their city as a provincial triumph, but simply as the result of a careful consideration of what the interests of the whole of Italy demand. At Naples there appears to be a unanimous disposition to accept the Convention as in the main favourable to Italy, and therefore not to be rejected through any short-sighted jealousy of Florence. Lombardy has as yet pronounced no opinion, but every Lombard is aware that, so long as Austria holds the Quadrilateral, it would be impossible to fix the seat of Government at Milan; and, therefore, there can be no very strong objection entertained

against the choice of Florence as what the Italians seem determined to believe is merely a provisional and temporary capital.

The readiness of the Italians to accept the Convention will probably be increased by the dislike and horror with which it has been received in the clerical world. Those who love the Temporal Power see the dangers to which it will be exposed. It may be expected that everything will be quiet while the French remain, and that, before they go, the Pope will be able to get together a respectable force; and if his subjects are cowed by this force, and he can continue to keep it together, he may be able to rule his little State after his own fashion. The Catholic world will insist that he shall have a fair chance, and that, if he can maintain himself, the Italian Government shall let him alone. The question of the future is, whether it will be possible for him to maintain himself. The whole number of his subjects is stated to be about three hundred thousand, and it is calculated that he will require fifteen thousand soldiers to keep them down. Whether he can get the men will depend on whether he can pay them. Catholics will not fight for the Pope out of pure love, but there is quite enough religious enthusiasm in his favour to make men ready to enlist in his service if they can see their way to fair wages. To keep up an army of fifteen thousand men will require a little less than a million sterling. The civil expenses of the Pope will absorb all that he can get out of his subjects by taxation. The pay and maintenance of the army must therefore be provided for by the voluntary contributions of Catholics; and as there appears to be no reason why Catholic Governments should not subscribe, if they please, to the fund, a million of money yearly is by no means a large sum in proportion to the resources of the Catholic world. The Pope may therefore reckon on a well-paid and tolerably efficient army of fifteen thousand men. Will this army be able to hold Rome in subjection? The more sanguine Italians calculate that it will not. They say that the Romans will rise to a man, and drive these mercenaries like chaff before the wind. But if fifteen thousand men, having the advantages of every strong position and of the exclusive possession of heavy artillery, are determined to fight, are well led, and have orders to fight it out to the last without mercy, they can engage on very promising terms with a population of three hundred thousand. The proportion out of such a number that would fight could not be large, and those who would fight would be badly armed, would have no discipline, and would act under leaders unaccustomed to command. We are too apt, in thinking of revolutions, to seek our examples from cities or countries where the troops have been seduced, or where the Government has been irresolute. If the troops are faithful, and the Government determined, a successful revolution is a very rare thing; and if once the Papal troops put down the first rising, they would have a much easier task in combating further insurrections. But the enemies of the Temporal Power calculate that success would be as dangerous to the Pope as failure. It is said that, even if he did put down open insurrections, he would have to use such severity, to set up such an iron despotism, and to inflict such dreadful cruelties, that the scandal would be too great, and Europe would either interfere to remove it or would sanction Italy in a further attack on the Temporal Power. It is, perhaps, unwise to pursue too far these speculations as to a future which many unforeseen accidents may prevent from ever presenting itself. But, so far as mere guess-work goes, we may venture to surmise that, if the Pope accepted an independent position, and could maintain it at the sword's point, he would have the usual reward of successful strength, and have a share in that indulgent forgetfulness of political sins which throws its favouring shade over all that is done by Russia in Poland, or by Austria in Venetia. Nor ought it to be too hastily assumed that the character of the Papal power will be changed. If the Pope's soldiers keep it up

at all, he will probably wish that they should keep it up after the pattern and manner that suits him. The Italian Government will take care he does not send brigands into its dominions, but why should he not kidnap little Jews if he likes? The Temporal Power would have no meaning if it did not maintain a special and ecclesiastical character. Its very foundation is the notion that there should be one spot on earth governed on Church principles; and if Church principles require the kidnapping of little Jews, which it must be fairly owned they do, there is no reason why a clerical Government, backed up by fifteen thousand triumphant soldiers, should not discharge, as occasion may arise, what it conceives to be a plain and solemn duty.

The Pope and his advisers, however, do not appear to be certain as yet that the danger threatened by the Convention will ever come upon them. They are waiting, it is said, to see what reception the Italian Parliament will give to the Ministerial proposal. There is still, it is thought, some reason to hope that their enemies may fall out among themselves, and that the rivalries of the large Italian cities may lead to the rejection of the Convention. But even if this hope is disappointed, the language used during the discussions may supply the Papal Government with an excuse for protesting against the arrangement altogether. A large majority of the deputies will only be induced to accept Florence as their capital because they are persuaded that Florence is a step towards Rome. But if the Ministry encourage this belief, they will seem to avow that the Convention is not to be carried out with sincerity on the part of Italy. The Convention is offered to the Pope as a scheme by which he is to be left in territorial independence, and the change of the Italian capital is tendered as a guarantee that Italy no longer claims Rome, but will leave the Temporal Power to go on as it best can. If, however, the very Ministers who propose it to the Chamber treat the Convention as a means of stepping into Rome after two or three years have gone by, the offer made to the Pope is confessedly illusory. If, on the other hand, the Ministers treat the transfer of the capital to Florence as a permanent and definitive arrangement, they will dishearten and disgust a large number of their supporters. Fortunately, the Ministry can foresee this difficulty, and can guard against it. They can adhere to that silence which in such circumstances is really golden. They can offer the Convention to the consideration of the Chamber, without expressing any opinion as to its ulterior consequences. They may decline to say whether going to Florence is or is not a step to Rome; and they may easily do this in such a way as to intimate that their silence is only due to a desire not to give Rome any handle against them. The Chamber will understand this, and if the Ministers show tact and discretion, it will support them in their wish to balk the Papal party of the opportunity it is awaiting. On great occasions the Italian Parliament has always hitherto shown itself to be possessed of a fair share of political wisdom, and there is no reason to suppose that it will show itself unequal to deal with the crisis that now lies before it.

#### SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE progress of the Social Science Association has justified the ridicule with which it has been repeatedly assailed, but it has also disclosed the possible utility of an assemblage of intelligent persons collected without any very definite object. Sir JAMES WILDE's dissertation on the defects of English law is by many degrees the most valuable product of the Social machinery, and, although it might have been published or delivered on many other occasions with equal propriety, it was perhaps desirable to secure a miscellaneous audience for a discourse on the principles of law. Social Science is the most unmeaning of terms, but jurisprudence forms a distinct and recognised branch of knowledge; and, as it happened that the founder and permanent President of the Association had formerly taken an active part in the alteration of the law, there seemed to be a kind of accidental or personal fitness in Sir JAMES WILDE's able and comprehensive address. Similar opinions have often been propounded by experienced lawyers, but they have seldom been so tersely and vigorously expressed. English law is made up of analogies which are fragmentary in their origin and application, although they collectively include or imply all the principles which might be generalized into an approximately perfect system of law. As Sir JAMES WILDE thoughtfully remarked, precedents limit the present both by the accidents of the past and by the possibilities of the future. Judicial legislation considers the questions which require

immediate solution as sufficient for the day. New combinations of circumstances must develop a rule of their own. It is a more original observation that the Courts, with all their large discretion in expanding the law, have no power of expunging noxious provisions. Even erroneous decisions are only corrected by the gradual influence of nice distinctions which approach nearer and nearer to the central blunder, until it is finally explained away. The law is contained in text-books, which are deduced from innumerable cases; and Sir JAMES WILDE, in substance, recommends that competent persons should be employed to compile one universal and authoritative text-book. A Code is supposed to provide beforehand for all the contingencies of litigation. A Digest states the law as it is, and furnishes a new base of departure. The completion of such a work would simplify the labours of lawyers, and it would partially neutralize the mischievous effects of the ingenuity and the weakness of judges. Sir JAMES WILDE declared that the perversity of legal refinements had reached its height in the notorious rules of pleading which were published by the Courts in 1834. He might have added, that between 1840 and 1850 judicial sophistry was almost equally illustrated in the Court of Exchequer, which was unusually strong in ability, and in the Court of Queen's Bench, which was lamentably weak. One set of judges excelled in the invention of absurd inferences, while the other Court allowed counsel to undertake the duty, and the result was nearly the same. In more recent times, judges have not unfrequently regarded the interests of justice, as well as the technical logic of their profession. Sir JAMES WILDE's essay will have a tendency to confirm the subordination of the method of law to its object.

The remaining proceedings of the Association have been harmless, and in some instances they may possibly have been useful. Experience shows that the attraction of debating societies is not confined to the young. It would be indecorous for grave gentlemen of middle age to propose, in the "Discussion Forum" or the Cambridge Union, the question whether a Commission ought to issue for inquiring into middle-class schools, or whether ticket-of-leave convicts should remain under the inspection of the police. The Social Science Association has been invented to gratify the natural desire of making speeches, and it is only surprising that it should have been found possible also to collect hearers. The explanation is probably to be found in the extreme dulness of country towns, and in the consequent desire of the local community to hear what strangers from London have to say even on the driest topics. In every considerable town five or six hundred ladies and gentlemen enrol themselves as members at the price of a guinea, and it must be worth the money to hear themselves saluted as "colleagues" by the celebrated nobleman in the chair. Every person whom Lord BROUGHAM takes occasion to mention is "our colleague," "our esteemed colleague," or "our excellent colleague." It might be supposed that every subscriber of a guinea was united in a common enterprise with the speakers, who express all sorts of opinions on every subject within the wide range which separates science from amusement. Whatever is neither amusing nor scientific forms a part of social science, and payment for admission to the lectures and discussions entitles the contributors to bear a corporate title. The ladies who attend the meetings must be especially gratified by feeling that they also are colleagues of Lord BROUGHAM. The female capacity of listening has been tested by many a sermon, which could scarcely have been duller if it had related to prison discipline or to middle-class education. Social science has also an advantage in affording the opportunity of sometimes hearing the other side as well as the original dogmatist.

Lord BROUGHAM has earned the right to indulge in the most prolix dissertations without the risk of disrespectful criticism; but when, at some distant period, his place is occupied by a successor, it might perhaps be desirable to substitute an oration on some special subject for a general review of politics, or of public events at home and abroad. It is true that the Danish war might seem to come within the general definition of social science, because it was never amusing; but, on the other hand, it illustrated the scientific proposition that twenty men are stronger than one. If Duppel is social science, the newspaper correspondents have long since superseded the functions of the Association. In a more limited sense, social science means the wrong or crotchety side of every non-scientific controversy. Common sense requires no fine name for its practical conclusions, and consequently there is nothing socially scientific in allowing thirsty men to drink, while the suppression of public-houses by a popular vote would be a triumph

of social science. In strictness, the advocates of liberty ought to be regarded as colleagues of the advocates of compulsory abstinence, just as Sir CHARLES LYELL and Sir ROBERT MURCHISON are both Fellows of the Geological Society, although they hold opposite opinions as to the causes and process of geological changes; but the members of little militant sects are excusably intolerant, and they probably cherish the conviction that theory is inconsistent with practice, and much more philosophical. There is too much reason to fear that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, who may perhaps succeed to the Presidency of the Association, will imitate the diffuseness of the original founder; but no votary of social science could be more safely trusted to abstain from levity and from exciting subjects. Education, prison discipline, and public health will, in such hands, run no risk of degenerating into popular topics. Even in the House of Commons Sir JOHN PAKINGTON maintains the gravity which properly distinguishes a colleague. Lord BROUGHAM, in earlier days, too often compromised himself by sarcasm, by humour, and by eloquence.

The Association, with all its vagueness and dulness, is better than a periodical meeting for the propagation of a single idea. The members have come together in the hope of finding converts to their favourite doctrines, and in some instances they may even wish to obtain useful information. Peace Congresses, Catholic Congresses, and Temperance meetings only assemble to confirm, by interchange of vehement assertions, pre-existing positiveness. The fury of philanthropists and the malignity of polemical divines require no additional impulse from mutual contact. The Social Science colleagues diffuse their philanthropy over comparatively wide spaces, and they wisely abstain from theological controversy. After the experience of several years, they may boast of having obtained, in Sir JAMES WILDE's discourse, one valuable contribution to their Transactions. The papers which are read, and the speeches which are made, give pleasure to the authors and orators, though they are for the most part inferior to the essays on the same subjects which abound in newspapers and other periodical publications. There seems to be no objection to an odd practice, which has lately grown up, of devoting one of the meetings to a formal interview with the working classes. If the objects of condescending notice are willing to receive the overtures of their superiors, they may find novelty and instruction in threadbare truisms, as a country labourer is said to be benefited and consoled by the dreariest commonplaces of the pulpit. An attempt which was made at former meetings to discuss strikes naturally failed, because the promoters of trade combinations are too thoroughly in earnest to listen to argument. There is no use in preaching Protestantism at Malines, or Popery to an Orange Lodge, and it would be equally idle to reason with Sheffield outlers on the advantages of free labour. On the whole, the recent meeting of the Association may be regarded with toleration, and even with complacency. The speech of the Archbishop of York would have done credit to a less pretentious occasion, and Dr. KENNEDY is fully entitled to be heard when he writes on education in public schools. As the Association acquires longer experience, it becomes in many respects less dogmatic, and therefore less absurd.

#### LORD CLARENDON AT VIENNA.

THE autumn is a dreary time for the British taxpayer. If he is of an anxious or sensitive turn of mind, he undergoes sufferings which can only be compared to those of an aggravated nightmare. It is the witching hour when the spirits of the Foreign Office are abroad, playing their mad, malicious pranks with the honour and the happiness of those over whom they have power. The unfortunate taxpayer can only watch their movements by the dim light which is cast upon them by official newspapers or foreign correspondence, and the little he can discern is not calculated to allay the natural terror of the darkness. He is familiar with their ways. He knows by sad experience that the Session is generally spent in setting right, often at no small cost, the confusion which has been left behind by the gambols of the recess. And at each new "overture" or "remonstrance" he sees or hears of, he knows there is another smash of his honour or his interests which it will be his business to make good as best he can. But he cannot interfere. His powers are paralysed. For four more long months the sprites will have their way, and may promise or threaten as they please, till the dawn of the Session sends them gibbering back to penitence and retraction.

The news which has come to us by telegram of Lord CLARENDON's doings at Vienna, supposing it to be

correct, shows that the season of Foreign Office meddling has set in with its usual severity. The experience of the last year has not been a very agreeable one. Englishmen have been compelled to hear reproaches applied to their country to which at no former period of her history she has been subject. But it was believed that one advantage had grown out of it all. We fancied that we had ascertained what the national will upon the subject of foreign policy was, in terms too distinct to be mistaken by any Foreign Office Minister. The nation has declared, by its conduct in the cases of Denmark and of Poland, that it will not draw the sword on account of any territorial quarrels upon the Continent, unless the interest of England is directly and obviously engaged. Individual statesmen may or may not approve this policy; but if they undertake the conduct of national affairs, they must accept it. But the strange thing is that the present managers of our Foreign Affairs, Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, and Lord CLARENDON, do not see that this principle involves an abandonment of the traditions that have hitherto clung to our Foreign Office. Our former foreign policy may be briefly summed up as a belief that we had a right to have a finger in every pie. The whole of our diplomatic system is founded upon that view. The Ambassador reports to the FOREIGN SECRETARY every difficulty that arises between any two Powers; and the FOREIGN SECRETARY thereupon sends his advice or his protest, often couched in the most imperious language, to the Powers who are discussing among themselves questions in which England has no direct concern. Now, except for the presence of a fleet and an army in the background, this advice or protest is a simple impertinence. No Court in existence cares for what Lord RUSSELL or Lord CLARENDON, as such, may think or say upon a question of Continental politics. Count RECHBERG or M. BISMARCK is certainly least of all likely to be impressed by any lectures which, in their personal character, they may feel disposed to deliver. The only weight that can attach to the opinions of the English Government is due to the impression that the fleet and army of England, of which they have the control, may be used against those who disregard those opinions. But the nation has proclaimed, as distinctly as it is possible for it to do, that the fleet and army shall not be employed in questions of Continental re-arrangement in which England has no direct interest. The merits of this decision may be disputed, but there is no appeal from it; and it entirely cuts away the ground from beneath our traditional diplomacy. A willingness to fight is the *point d'appui* of diplomacy, just as much as a readiness to go to law is the starting-point of a lawyer's letter. It is merely courting dishonour, and inviting humiliation, for the men of peace to use the habitual language of the men of war.

It is rather alarming, therefore, to read of all that Lord CLARENDON has been doing at Vienna. We are told, in the first place, that "he explained to Count RECHBERG the 'necessity for bringing peace negotiations to a speedy issue.'" If any one were to read this piece of information without any knowledge of the relative positions of the two men, he would imagine that Count RECHBERG was either a Japanese traveller of distinction, anxious to make himself acquainted with the mysteries of European politics, or that he was a schoolboy whom Lord CLARENDON was initiating into the art of government. Who is Lord CLARENDON, that he should go abroad for the purpose of informing Count RECHBERG concerning an affair which by this time the latter must have thoroughly by heart? If the words do not mean that the Englishman has been instructing the Austrian, they must mean that he has been threatening him. Either way, the assumption is equally indefensible. If by the word "necessity" he implied only the requirements of Austria's own wisest policy, he was assuming the position of lecturing a man better informed than himself, to which he had no sort of claim. If he intended to convey a covert threat of England's possible hostility in case of refusal, he was hinting at a contingency which he knew could not be realized. He goes on, according to the telegram, to "advocate the early inauguration of the 'rule of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, who would be recognised by England.'" If recognition by England meant any kind of material assistance, the promise was a very legitimate topic upon which to dwell. But if it merely means that England will allow the Augustenburg Minister to appear at Court, the matter was hardly worth dwelling on. It is like saying to a wealthy man, "If you will only leave your million 'of money to A. B., I promise you I will call on him immediately.'" There is something humiliating in this vaunting of the value of England's recognition, when the world, by experience, has ascertained how purely sentimental that value is.

But far the worst is to come. We are told, finally, that "Earl CLARENDON further explained that the Italian question urgently required a solution, and that, should Austria form a Northern alliance to oppose the latest movement of Franco-Italian policy, England would not co-operate with her, although the latter was ready to support Austria should she lean towards the policy of the Western Powers." Is it possible that this can be even an approximate report of Lord CLARENDON's declarations? What does this promise of support to Austria mean? Against whom is the support to be given? Against her own revolted subjects in Venetia? or in Hungary? or against the CZAR upon the North-East? or against M. BISMARCK upon the North-West? It is needless to say that a promise of real support from England in any one of these cases would be simple madness. Public sentiment would not allow her to support Austria against Venetia, and in all the other cases she would be powerless. It is inconceivable that this fact should not have presented itself to Lord CLARENDON's mind. Is it possible that he is still dealing in that flimsy, worn-out, discredited currency which goes by the name of "moral support"? It is probable that most of the nations of Europe know by this time the meaning of "moral support," and, therefore, it is to be hoped that Austria will not be ignorant of it. It means half-a-dozen insolent speeches from Lord PALMERSTON, directed against the enemies of the Power who is to be morally supported. It further means an unlimited order for articles in the *Times* in a similar direction, the tone of which will only be changed if by chance it should seem possible that the "moral support" might develop into genuine assistance. It further means any amount of sympathetic commonplaces in lectures, at public meetings, and in after-dinner speeches in the City. If Austria places any great value upon these important auxiliaries, she will of course close with Lord CLARENDON's proposals. But it is important, for the sake of our good name, or what remains of it, that she should clearly comprehend that "moral support" does not mean a single shilling or a single man. If Lord CLARENDON means to promise material assistance, in any degree, he is making offers which he perfectly well knows will be disavowed the moment that Parliament meets. If he has no such meaning, it is beneath the dignity of the country he serves to use language which, among the nations who fight, is a distinct pledge of warlike aid. No harm, of course, is done if Austria has become familiar with the modern English phraseology, and knows that "co-operation" and "support" mean nothing else than a few speeches, articles, and cheers. But the danger is that she may have been deceived by such language, and is preparing to make material sacrifices in consideration of the promise of a material recompense. It is to be hoped that, before she comes to any such conclusion, she will carefully study Lord RUSSELL's recorded vocabulary, and compare it with the events of history.

#### THE POPE ON POLAND.

IF modern Roman Catholics retain any sense of humour, the most zealous adherents of the Holy See must admit that the POPE's official language always produces a comic effect. It is true that the odd sense of contrast is partly caused by ignorance of the technical forms and antiquarian phrases which Rome has thought it expedient to retain. An obstinate adherence to exploded traditions is by no means repugnant to English habits of thought. A few years ago, no man could recover a piece of land in a court of law without adopting a conventional fable about the proceedings of JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE. A mailed champion rode up Westminster Hall at the Coronation of GEORGE IV.; and recent Lord Mayors have actually earned popularity by reviving the man in armour, after he had been disused for a time by their free-thinking predecessors. Nevertheless, the POPE contrives to attain exceptional and pre-eminent oddity by his practice of mixing up obsolete phrases with the ordinary business of life. His Encyclical Letters and Allocutions produce the same feeling of surprise which might be created if the LORD CHANCELLOR were to vituperate the Bishop of OXFORD in Norman French, because he is accustomed to give the Royal Assent to Bills in the old form of *La Reyne le veut*. The calamities of Poland are too serious to be caricatured in that dialect of Latin which has been elaborated, by the mendacity of several centuries, into an incomparable instrument for expressing what no human being can possibly mean. If the Roman Catholic community and the world in general were in the habit of reading the original text, some allowance would probably be made for ecclesiastical phraseology; but when the

newspapers circulate the Papal lucubrations, they naturally translate them into modern languages, which are ordinarily used for the representation of real facts, of genuine thoughts, or of more or less logical reasoning. There is something sonorous and almost touching in the announcement—*lacrimas non possumus compescere*; but as nobody supposes that the POPE physically cries when he reads the Polish news in the French papers, the corresponding statement, that "we cannot restrain our tears," provokes the irritation which belongs to incredulity. For the newspapers themselves, though they seem out of place in the Papal scheme of the universe, it has been found necessary to invent a Latin equivalent, for, on the day sacred to St. FIDELIO of Sigmaringen, the POPE "bitterly deplored at the College of the Propaganda" the measures of the Russian Government as reported in the newspapers. The juxta-position of St. FIDELIO of Sigmaringen with the *Times*, or even with the *Tablet*, is sufficiently ludicrous. Students of hagiology may perhaps know whether St. FIDELIO could have read a newspaper, but it may be confidently conjectured that during the ages of faith no journal was published in the important city of Sigmaringen.

LORD ARUNDELL of WARDOUR might quote the greater part of the Encyclical Letter on Poland in support of his theory that the Holy See, in modern times, never meddles with temporal affairs. It is not as Poles, but as Catholics, that the victims of Russian oppression receive the sympathy of the POPE. National right, independence, and freedom, justice and mercy, are profane or secular subjects of interest. "While taking," in quasi-classical phrases, "Heaven and Earth to witness, oh venerable brethren, that we deplore and reprove the persecutions which the Russian Government does not cease to exercise against the Church, we are very far from approving in any way the revolutionary movement considerably carried out in Poland." It might be objected that revolutionary movements are temporal matters, but some inconsistency may be pardoned when it becomes necessary to obviate a suspicion that the Church could object to tyranny, or approve of manly resistance. *Obtestatur calum et terram* for entirely different purposes. It is not, indeed, easy to ascertain the special object of the Papal appeal. Language, if the Latin of the Roman Chancellery can be called a language, is ordinarily used to instruct, to argue, to narrate, to persuade, or to deceive; but none of these objects are to be attained by informing the Governments of one half of the civilized world that "nations removed from our holy religion"—that is, Orthodox or Protestant communities—"are defiled by every error and the most pernicious vices (*vitiis perniciosissimis*). It results from this that these nations, having lost the fear and respect for God, having shaken off the ties of gentle religion, and forgotten the obedience due to God and the laws of His Church, allow themselves to be carried away by every license and by a lawless life, and, acting according to their caprices, despise honour, insult authority, rise up against the princes, and refuse to obey them." The clerk or deputy registrar who was instructed to copy the common forms of Papal sorrow and indignation may be excused for writing out the usual phrases, and for adding the *alia enormia* of the indictment. Yet it is strange that some superior functionary, or even the POPE himself, should not have discovered that a part of the Encyclical Letter was taken out of the wrong pigeon-hole. The cursing department of the office has so long been accustomed to denounce VICTOR EMMANUEL and GARIBALDI, that it has no precedents at hand which are applicable to offences committed by a legitimate despot. It may, for the sake of ecclesiastical argument, be assumed, in spite of notorious facts, that Protestants and members of the Greek Church are in a state of constant rebellion against authority; but it will be impossible to convince "the great princes of the earth" that the Poles rose in insurrection because they were heretics. On the contrary, it happens that the Russian nation, though it is "cut off from communication with the Holy See," has, instead of "rising up against its princes and refusing to obey them," cordially seconded every act of tyranny and oppression which its Government has perpetrated against the Catholics of Poland. When schismatic authority has prevailed over Catholic rebellion, its excesses ought not to be reprovved in the same phrases which have hitherto been directed against the enemies of Catholic tyrants.

If inaccurate expressions were intentionally used to indicate the utter insincerity of the remonstrance, it was wholly unnecessary to take extraordinary precautions for reassuring the Government of Russia. It is true that the EMPEROR is not in the habit of shedding official tears, but no Court is more familiar with the religious sympathies which are excited by

persecution inflicted on foreign co-religionists. The POPE himself can scarcely be more sensitive to the banishment of the Archbishop of WARSAW than the Emperor NICHOLAS showed himself when the Greek priests at Jerusalem were deprived of their silver key and their favourite star. It was, unluckily, impossible to induce the SULTAN to persecute the Christians in general, but one worthless sect is easily persuaded to squabble with another. The EMPEROR immediately took up the quarrel, and Prince MENSCHIKOFF, as the American seafarer said of Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL, presented himself at Constantinople as an embodied Encyclical Letter. The Russian hypocrisy was more consciously selfish and dishonest, and perhaps the Roman hypocrisy is the more provoking. The Poles, although they have been guilty of miscalculation and imprudence, have, in the cause of their country, and for the maintenance of its freedom and honour, exposed themselves with unequalled heroism to suffering, to exile, and to death. There is a heartless levity in censuring their gallant resistance, and in degrading them to the level of "our brethren of the Latin Confession." The POPE is well aware that the fears and hatred of the alien Government are directed, not against Catholics, but against Poles. The Latin confession of faith is only important as a Shibboleth by which the enemies of Russia may be marked out for slaughter. The Polish clergy deserve credit for their fidelity to a national cause which happens to be identified with their own religious influence. They at least have not yet learned from the Head of their Church that opposition to tyranny is exclusively confined to heretics "defiled with every error," and with the most pernicious vices." Possibly the irrelevant language of the Circular may be a compromise between the Papal SECRETARY OF STATE and his SOVEREIGN. Cardinal ANTONELLI is known to be hostile to the Poles, and Pius IX. probably feels that he has duties to perform to all his spiritual subjects. A pious denunciation of Russia, framed in terms of conventional cant, may have reconciled conflicting tendencies and opinions.

The Russian Government has always professed religious tolerance, and its boast is so far justifiable that its sectarian persecutions have proceeded from purely political motives. The ambiguous nationality of the population in many of the provinces of ancient Poland is practically determined by the predominance of the Greek or the Latin Confession. The Greek priests are Russian functionaries, while their Romish antagonists represent a separate nationality. The Government, as it is superior to prejudice, is also unscrupulous in the consolidation of its own power. Some millions of inhabitants of the border districts have, within half a century, been forcibly transferred to the dominant communion. Their low civilization has rendered possible the most sweeping conversion which has been effected since the middle ages. The English Government utterly failed in a similar experiment in Ireland; and although the House of HAPSBURG forcibly extirpated Protestantism in Bohemia and Southern Germany, the ignorant multitude had never followed their superiors in adopting the Reformation. It is probable that the central portions of Poland will cherish the national faith with additional earnestness as a mark of separation from their oppressors. If bystanders were to cultivate a partisan feeling in favour of either communion, they would probably, even on moral and religious grounds, incline to the faith of South-Western Europe. The Greek symbols are as ancient as the Latin, and probably as orthodox; but a faith which has for ages been professed only in half-civilized countries has naturally become imbued in practice with the character of its votaries. Rome has been unable to withstand the influence of French energy and of Italian genius. Spain alone retains the true mediæval tradition; for Ireland, notwithstanding its unshaken fidelity, has always retained its indigenous peculiarities. For political reasons, those who wish well to Polish independence must sympathize with the resistance of Polish Catholicism to Russo-Greek encroachment.

#### THE ALL SOULS' CASE.

THE history of the proceedings at All Souls affords a striking illustration of the difficulty of reforming a reluctant corporation by mild means. When Oxford reform began, it seemed as if All Souls was destined to an immediate and signal change. There were faults at other Colleges, but at All Souls there were no merits. At other Colleges the teaching was bad and defective, but at All Souls there was no teaching at all. At other Colleges young men paid highly and were trained badly, but at All Souls no young

men whatever were trained. It is true that there are many purposes proper to a University which a College may help to carry out without educating undergraduates. Fellows who set themselves resolutely to conserve or increase the store of human learning are doing as legitimate a work as if they taught so much of the classical authors as can be apprehended by youths who approach them with a total ignorance of grammar. It is also conceivable that an ecclesiastical body, such as a College mainly is, might discharge a useful function if it acted as a centre of clerical activity or theological research. But All Souls did nothing. It was not intellectual, and it was not ecclesiastical. It was merely a club, providing certain graduates of good connexions or influence with a comfortable local home, and with enough money to keep them at least in gloves and scents. Of course, among the whole number, there were some able men, as there are sure to be among the first fifty well-dressed men who happen to walk down Regent Street at a particular hour; but those Fellows who happened to be clever or learned men neither owed their fellowships to their merit, nor found anything in their College to stimulate their mental activity. Nor were the sins of All Souls merely negative. It did much positive harm by asserting, before the eyes of the University, that triumph of privileged mediocrity which must often be endured in the world at large, but against which a University ought in every way to protest. No institution could present a more obvious case for a sweeping change. But the Commissioners did not approach their task with any inclination for sweeping changes, and they had a pardonable tenderness for All Souls, where so many pleasant people are always to be found, which, with its fantastic but effective buildings, fills so large a space in the centre of Oxford, and which presented a traditionary and prescriptive claim not to be over-wise or over-good. All Souls was left in many respects as it was, but an attempt was made to invest it with a special intellectual character. It was to serve the purpose of the new studies which it was contemplated to foster at Oxford. Some of its fellowships were to be suppressed, and the income given to a new professorship in Law and a new professorship in History, and the Fellows were to be thenceforth elected with regard to the proficiency they displayed in the subjects studied in the new School of History and Law.

But the existing Fellows did not like the change. It was a very mild measure, and left them great power, and they used the power left them to defeat the obvious intentions of the Commissioners. They displayed the ingenuity which usually characterizes a corporation trying to protect itself against reform. They studied every sentence and every word in the offensive statute, to see how it could be evaded; and it must be admitted that, if there was much audacity in their interpretation, there was also much cleverness. They soon got rid of the duty of paying attention to the particular subjects of History and Law. In order to know history and law, a man must know Latin, and they were therefore complying with the statute if they examined in Latin, and made the examination practically a classical one. But this was not enough for them. Their great object was to prevent the fellowships of their College from becoming mere University prizes, given away to those whom competition proved to be the most proficient students of a particular branch of learning. The feeling which prompted this wish was a very natural one, and one not to be altogether blamed. The Fellows in a College, it was said, are not a mere collection of successful competitors, but a body of associates who have to live, and, theoretically, to work, together; and there are many good qualities besides cleverness which determine the value of a man as a permanent associate. The electors of All Souls, therefore, set themselves to work to see how, without openly infringing the terms of their statutes, they might get the sort of men they liked to have, and avoid competition dictating to them whom they were to receive. A very small and a very courageous minority, however, dissented from the general opinion of the College, and determined that what they considered a frustration of the whole object of the reform should not take place without the most strenuous opposition on their part. An appeal lay to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY as Visitor, and to him they appealed. They had to overcome many difficulties, but their perseverance has at last been rewarded. Their first difficulty was to get the late Archbishop to look on the matter as one of public importance, and to act with competent assessors. They succeeded. They had a great day of hearing. Lord WESTBURY, then the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, pleaded for them, and Lord WENSLEYDALE pronounced judgment. This judgment

effectually disposed of one of the great means of defeating reform on which the majority of the College relied. It forbade the electors to make the examination a classical one on the plea that a man, to know history and law, must first know Latin. Then it directed them to judge of the proficiency of the candidates by examining them only in history and law. But the electors were not yet beaten. They found themselves obliged to have an examination in history and law, but they did not find themselves obliged to elect in accordance with it. It is hard to know whether amazement, or astonishment, or indignation is the prevailing feeling awakened when we hear of the plan they actually adopted. They appointed out of their number a board of Examiners, and these Examiners, with great zeal and solemnity, did their duty, and examined the candidates in history and law. But they were instructed not to reveal the result of the examination. That was to be a secret locked up in the breasts of the Examiners. The Examiners were to examine, and the Fellows to vote, and so no harm was done by the dangerous action of competition. The only use of the examination was, that any Fellow who happened to be tormented with scruples might consult any Examiner as to the mode in which the candidate had answered the questions he himself had set. But these questions were only to be asked on one particular occasion, and that during a crowded and hurried meeting, and it was expressly provided that no Examiner might give his opinion as to the relative merits of the candidates on the whole examination. Once more the tiny minority appealed, and the judgment of Sir JOHN COLERIDGE, who acted as chief assessor to the ARCHBISHOP, has just been published. It directs that the sham examination shall no longer go on, and that a real one shall be substituted. The Examiners are to declare the result of the examination by announcing the names of the candidates in the order of merit, and this announcement is to be made publicly before the whole body of electors. Even now the electors are not required to elect the candidate at the head of the list; but an elector who declines to do so will be consciously accepting the responsibility of setting aside the best man, and this is as much as any interference of the Visitor can secure. One more act of justice remained to be performed. The majority proposed to pay the expenses which these appeals had thrown on them out of the funds of the College, while the minority were not only to be left to pay their expenses out of their own pockets, but, in their capacity of Fellows, were to undergo the diminution of their income caused by the expenses of the majority. The Visitor has set this straight, and has intimated that, if one side is to dig into the College chest for its expenses, the other side ought to be allowed to do the same.

Thus ends, it may be hoped, a contest, the issue of which is of the greatest importance to Oxford, and, indirectly, to all education throughout the kingdom; and the appellants have earned the gratitude of every one who wishes to see the cause of learning and industry upheld in a University. They have had a very hard fight, and had much to go through which must have been in the highest degree distasteful. No one who is not acquainted with the interior of a College can appreciate the courage, the resolution, and the anxiety for public interests which must have animated three young men, like Messrs. LUSHINGTON, WATSON, and FREMANTLE, to oppose the whole force of a society like that of All Souls. Even the peculiar character of the College, its pleasantness, its familiarity, its sociable ease, made it all the harder for any of its junior members to disturb the harmony and violate the traditions of the place. Nothing could have carried them through their self-imposed task but the belief that, if they succeeded, they would have rendered a great and lasting benefit to their University. No one who knows Oxford well can doubt, now that they have succeeded, the benefit they have rendered. Their success, in fact, has given a new character to the study of law and history at Oxford. The University, by instituting a school in these subjects, easily secured that a certain proportion of students should make a certain amount of progress in them. It could exact a knowledge of the rudiments from those who wished merely to pass; it could stimulate a further advance in those who aspired to honours. But it could not encourage any high proficiency, or foster serious and prolonged study. If honours were to be given at all, they must be given in reward of that degree of knowledge which was consistent with a very rapid acquaintance with the subjects. The general course of University study forbade most candidates to devote more than six months' work to history and law, and a first-class in this school was merely a certificate that these six months had been well employed. But if the fellowships of All Souls are given to those among the students of history and law who know these subjects best, the standard of the

most promising students competing among each other for a very considerable prize will be far above the standard which has hitherto been exacted for a first-class. Had the appellants not been successful, this encouragement would not have been given. A candidate had no motive for reading high in these subjects if all that the electors of All Souls were bound to do was to elect any one they pleased out of seven or eight men who all happened to know a little history and a little law. Now the students of history and law have the prospect of a reward sufficient to recompense sustained and serious exertions, and the University has the opportunity of seeing whether historical and legal knowledge can be made to flourish within its precincts.

#### AMERICA.

THE Republican party in the United States, though the Richmond campaign still lingers, has, for the moment, some pretext for its vociferous confidence. The Democrats are in danger of being defeated before the Presidential contest has begun. The managers of the Chicago Convention were able and experienced men, with a definite policy of their own; but, for the purpose of rallying their party to their standard, they were obliged to conceal or to compromise their most important convictions. Before the meeting of the Convention, the friends of peace were imprudently candid in the expression of their opinions and their plans. It was known that the strength of the Democratic party was reviving, and it was hastily assumed that opposition to the Government implied willingness to terminate the war. Further intercourse with the assembled delegates proved that the Democrats, as a body, were not yet prepared to admit the unwelcome necessity of renouncing the hope of reunion. The statesmen of the party were consequently obliged to frame an indefinite platform and to accept a colourless candidate, who had the recommendation of supposed popularity with the army. For the honorary sinecure of the Vice-Presidency they ventured to select one of their own number, Mr. PENDLETON, a highly respectable Peace Democrat from Ohio. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR and his friends had no reason to reckon on General M'CLELLAN's concurrence in their views, but they were probably assured by his personal supporters that he would adopt the resolutions of the Convention, and the course of military events seemed likely to furnish irresistible arguments in favour of peace. The Maryland delegates were overruled when they protested against the choice of a general who had imprisoned the members of their State Legislature without a shadow of legal cause. As one of the resolutions expressly condemned the illegal act of the PRESIDENT and his Commander-in-Chief, the dissentient members of the Convention ultimately agreed to make the nomination unanimous. If nothing had occurred to alter the prospects of the war, the Democratic party and its candidate might, perhaps, gradually have been induced to pledge themselves to early and serious negotiations; but within a few days it was known that SHERMAN, by occupying Atlanta, had obtained one of the greatest Federal successes since the beginning of the war; and, about the same time, FARRAGUT obtained his important naval victory in the harbour of Mobile. For political or military reasons, GRANT once more bestirred himself in Virginia, and, by seizing and holding against all opposition one of the approaches to Petersburg, he relieved the despondency which had previously been caused by his uninterrupted series of disasters. General M'CLELLAN probably thought that recent events furnished an interpretation of the ambiguous resolutions of Chicago, and he accordingly accepted the nomination in a letter which was deliberately intended to repudiate the policy of the chief Democratic leaders. With superfluous iteration he repeated again and again that the Union was the indispensable condition of peace, or, in other words, he pledged himself to prosecute the war until the Confederates were reduced to unqualified submission. As Mr. SEWARD, in the name of the Cabinet and the Republican party, has repeatedly professed opinions precisely the same, there is no longer any political reason for preferring General M'CLELLAN to Mr. LINCOLN. Both may possibly be in the right, but those who commence a great conflict of parties ought to tender some definite issue to the country.

The chief advocates for peace appear to be recognising the obvious truth that if the Democratic party is to have any chance, it must hold together; and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM has, it is said, announced his intention of supporting M'CLELLAN. The useless experiment of reassembling the Chicago Convention, which was at first spoken of after M'CLELLAN had published his letter, would only have revealed the numerical weakness of the party. If Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and his friends could

have carried a platform and a candidate of their own choice, they would not have contented themselves with the selection of M'CLELLAN, or with a series of decorous commonplaces in the place of vigorous resolutions. The bulk of the Democratic party now inclines to the belief that peace is to be sought in next year's advance from Atlanta, in the capture of Mobile, and in the anticipated evacuation of Petersburg. A new Convention would represent only a fragment of the party, and the nomination of a Peace candidate would only render the election of LINCOLN doubly certain. Mr. SEWARD, in common with the Republican press, was guilty of a blunder as well as of a wilful exaggeration when he denounced the Chicago resolutions as if they had contained proposals of immediate peace. The document was framed for the purpose of leaving open a question which has since been solved by the events of the war. Before General M'CLELLAN'S letter was published, the party might have declared itself in favour either of negotiation or of conquest. It was imprudent, on the part of an adversary, to throw obstacles in the way of a schism by assuming that the party was united. At present, the supporters of immediate peace have only to stand aside, consoling themselves with the knowledge that, whether on calculation or from conscientious conviction, M'CLELLAN, in dividing the party, has ensured his own defeat. If another year should pass with the Confederacy still unsubdued, the accumulation of debt, the exhaustion of the available military population, and the growing weariness of the whole community may not improbably recruit the ranks of the more consistent Democrats. The opportunity of a Presidential election will not recur for a much longer period; but even the irresponsible head of the Federal Government is necessarily influenced by public opinion and feeling. When Mr. LINCOLN declared that it would be wrong to resist secession by force, he was not aware that he would be forced to undertake for that purpose the bloodiest war of modern times.

After much seeming hesitation, the Government has wisely determined on the enforcement of the draft. Mr. SEWARD, who had been understood to announce in his speech at Auburn an opposite decision, has since explained that an erroneous rhetorical prophecy was mistaken for an official announcement. He declared, as he now states, not that the draft would be abandoned, but that it would be rendered unnecessary by the eager patriotism of volunteers. No intelligible accounts of the progress of recruiting have been published, and it is only certain that some of the 200,000 recruits who are wanted for the army must be obtained by forcible conscription. In the present temper of the people, no serious resistance is to be expected, and it may be taken for granted that the losses of the army in the campaigns of 1864 will be replaced by the beginning of the year. It is said that the generals in the field are urgently demanding reinforcements; and General GRANT has published a singularly undignified and unseasonable letter in favour both of Mr. LINCOLN'S reelection and of the enforcement of the draft. It is surprising, even to practised students of the political literature of America, that the commander of a great army should declare in a public letter that the enemy, whose heroism he has so often experienced, "is waiting, like MICAWBER, for something 'to turn up.'" In less trivial language, General GRANT asserts that the Confederate posts are guarded by old men and children, and that the demands of the war "have robbed 'the cradle and the grave.'" A few more scores of thousands of recruits, a renewed term of a warlike Administration, and all the fighting population of the South will, according to the Federal COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, be happily killed off. No more literal interpretation has been appended to the ancient phrase of making a solitude and calling it peace. It is well for the cause of the Union that General GRANT fights better than he speaks. His tenacious occupation of the Weldon railway has encouraged the Republican party more effectually than his canvassing letter. The reports of an impending attack in force by the Confederates may probably be unfounded; but whether GRANT is forced to defend his position or allowed to retain it, he has for once obtained an advantage over his vigilant adversary. By this time the Federal army is strongly entrenched on the line of railway, and in the course of the war not half a dozen instances can be cited in which fortifications have been successfully assailed. The Confederate loss in the Virginian campaign has been comparatively small, because General LEE has always acted on the defensive. If he finds it necessary to disturb the enemy in his possession of the railway, he must expect, even in case of complete success, to sacrifice numbers which can ill be spared. The loss which SHERIDAN has

inflicted on EARLY in the Shenandoah Valley will impose on LEE an additional necessity of economising his forces. The objects of the Confederate demonstration in North-Western Virginia have never been thoroughly intelligible, and it now appears that part at least of EARLY'S army would have been better employed in guarding the Weldon railroad.

The danger of offensive movements to the weaker combatant was sufficiently proved by the failure of HOOD'S operations in defence of Atlanta. It is now certain that it would have been wiser to leave JOHNSTONE in command, and to hold the town only during the time which might be required for the removal or destruction of the stores which it contained. HOOD sacrificed 15,000 or 20,000 men in attacks on the enemy's lines which were practically failures, although the contest was not unequally maintained. Having lost perhaps an equal number, but certainly a far smaller proportion of his army, SHERMAN was strong enough to place himself on the Confederate line of communication without abandoning his own. The consequent evacuation of Atlanta has enabled him to end his campaign with glory and with substantial advantage. He is converting the town into a fortress which will have little to fear from the attacks of the Confederates, and he may safely employ the greater part of his forces in protecting the line of railroad which connects him with Chattanooga and St. Louis. In the next spring, or, if he receives reinforcements, even in the present autumn, he may be enabled to recommence his advance, with Atlanta for his immediate base; and, as he proceeds southward, he may, if he finds it expedient, abandon his communication with Tennessee, and procure his supplies from the seaboard, especially if in the meantime Mobile should fall. The Confederate army is apparently scanty in numbers, and the long succession of defeats or disappointments which it has experienced will not have increased its confidence in itself or in its leaders. The fortunes of the struggle have so constantly varied that it would be rash to assume that the Federals may not still meet with a reverse; but, for the present, Mr. STANTON expresses the general feeling of the North when he declares that the weather is fine, and that all things look correspondingly bright. The confidence of the Government is shown by the unscrupulous tyranny of its subordinates in Kentucky, where persons suspected of Southern sympathies are debarred, if not from fire and water, at least from the scarcely less elementary American necessities of bargain and sale. The characteristic extravagance of the national language and habits of thought is remarkably exemplified in the official proclamations of petty official despots. The Brigadier who reigns in Kentucky insults his victims as if he were a Jacobin deputy from the Convention, addressing a Royalist or Girondist department. Against similar excesses General M'CLELLAN and the War Democrats faintly protest, but hitherto it would seem that official usurpation and violence are essentially popular in the North. At some future period the Border States may perhaps find occasion to resent the oppression which they have suffered.

#### THE WAR CHRISTIANS OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE state of things in New Zealand, like the state of things in America, furnishes instructive evidence of the small extent to which civilization has power to tame the natural savagery of mankind. The colonists appear to be reaching rapidly to the mental condition of the Republican party in America. The stage has passed when civil war was the result of calculation—an odious measure imposed by what seemed to be an inevitable necessity. The dangerous intoxication produced by the proximity of bloodshed, reinforced by the cruelty of fear, is beginning to tell upon the war party in New Zealand. The war is not, on the whole, very prosperous. The British army is making its way with a difficulty which, considering the disproportion of the combatants, speaks much for the intensity of the feelings by which the Maori is being moved. How desperate the resistance is may be guessed by the fact, vouched by Sir GEORGE GREY, that in a recent action one-fourth of the wounded who fell into our hands were women. Though the last intelligence is favourable to our arms, the reports of those who know the natives best afford no hope that their purpose is shaken, or that their fortitude has given way. But the colonists appear to be wholly unmoved by the gallantry of the people who are being driven, by the strange immigrants of yesterday, from the land on which they have lived for centuries. The "responsible Ministers" who represent the dominant sentiment at Auckland have shown, by the passage of the Confiscation Act, what measure they intend to mete to the natives, and what is the real object of the war. Nor is this the only recent occasion on which the spirit that animates

them has been displayed. A memorial, urging the Governor "to avail himself of the first favourable opportunity of 'endeavouring to terminate the war by negotiation,'" was signed by a large number of influential men in England. The request seemed one that no Government would care to decline. The New Zealand Government reply, however, in a minute, deprecating in the strongest terms the exhibition of "any 'undue anxiety to escape the prolongation of the war'" until "a material guarantee" had been obtained. Or, in the words of the local advocate of the Government, "New Zealand went naked into the war, but she should not come 'naked out of it.'" The nakedness is to be reserved for the English taxpayer, who will pay for the war and will not divide the spoil. The Ministers, however, are good enough to add that the confiscation of lands, for the sake of which we are to show no undue anxiety to escape the prolongation of the war, will be confined to the property of rebels, "at least in Waikato." As almost the whole of Waikato has been more or less concerned in the rebellion, the exception is a safe one. But the "at least" is instructive. If it means anything, it means that, elsewhere than at Waikato, the lands of those who are not rebels will be confiscated. And, to this end, powers of the most sweeping reach have been inserted into the Confiscation Act. It is true that they have been practically neutralized by a despatch from Mr. CARDWELL; but this is not the fault of the Auckland colonists.

As might be expected, language still stronger, and schemes of spoliation still more definite, may be found in the mouths of the irresponsible organs of the Government. One of the great difficulties with which the war party in Auckland has had to contend has been that of inducing the colonists of the other parts of New Zealand—who, not having any rebels, could not hope to derive any benefit from the confiscation of rebel lands—to sympathize in their ferocious policy. At last, however, the news arrived that some natives of Wanganui, in the South of the island, had shown symptoms of disaffection. The *Southern Cross*—the organ of the present New Zealand Government, and reputed to be the recipient of Ministerial contributions—in commenting on the event, described it as a "most fortunate thing"; and proceeded to give the reasons for its felicitations, in language which indicates, perhaps with a curious incaution, but with singular fidelity, the sentiments and the projects of the party to whose efforts England owes this costly war:—"The scheme 'for the settlement of the native districts now in rebellion,' brought before the Parliament of New Zealand in its last session, was a large and comprehensive measure, intended 'to be of general application to the needs of the whole island.' It has so happened that as yet the brunt of the war 'has been borne by the province of Auckland; and it is not, perhaps, so much to be wondered at as regretted that the 'people of other provinces have imagined that Auckland alone obtained the attention of the Government, and that upon Auckland only was the comprehensive scheme of immigration about to be tried. There were difficulties, it 'must be confessed, in the way of extending the scheme to other provinces at once. Wellington had need of settlement, and until something of the kind was done, her two great drawbacks—an unsettled and turbulent native population, and a grasping squatting party of the Europeans—were certain to prevent her ever growing to anything worthy 'of what she ought to be—not to speak, of what she aspired 'to. The difficulty was, however, how to apply the scheme 'to her. She had plenty of disloyal natives, but she had next to none stupid enough to commit themselves to open hostility, and the question was, What could be done about settling men upon the land of rebels when you had no rebels upon whose land you could begin? Then again, in Hawke's Bay, the same was the case on even a more intensified scale. There the natives were perhaps quite as hostile, 'but were even more studiously quiet, and difficult to reach in 'any way.' This difficulty of 'reaching the natives in any way' has always been a great trouble to those excellent colonists who have desired to 'grow to something worthy of them.' Precisely the same perplexity was felt by the settlers at Taranaki in 1859, before this war began. There, too, they had the misfortune to have no natives 'stupid enough to commit themselves to open hostility.' And there, too, that same insuperable difficulty was felt—'What could be done about settling men upon the land of rebels when you had no rebels 'upon whose land you could begin?' The settlers at Taranaki cut the Gordian knot. As the natives would not begin, they felt that they must, and accordingly they worried a weak Government into a grossly illegal seizure of land by military force. The device was entirely successful. The natives, who had been 'studiously quiet,' came to the conclusion that the

seizure of all their property was contemplated, and their resistance has duly led to the war, the Confiscation Act, and the 'comprehensive scheme of immigration.' This cynical confession of a deliberate plan to spoil the natives of their land all over the island, by goading them into rebellion even when they are 'studiously quiet,' throws a flood of light upon the 'at least in Waikato' of the Ministerial minute. Of course, the dominant party are not unduly anxious to escape from the prolongation of the war, when there is the great scheme to be extended to all the other provinces, and Wellington and Hawke's Bay to be raised to the position of which they are worthy, by a system of material guarantees. The foolish taxpayers in England who want to stop the war are spoiling the whole game. They are trying to stop the supply of rebels. And how, as the *Southern Cross* touchingly asks, can you settle men on the land of rebels when there are no rebels with whose land you can begin?

Another difficulty appears to have arisen, from which the temper of the dominant party may be gathered. A certain number of Maoris, some of them men of influence, have been taken prisoners. Of course, upon this the difficulty arose with which the Americans have had to grapple. In what capacity were they to be treated? Were they to be belligerents or rebels? The obvious course was to treat them as prisoners of war. But it would have been perfectly legal, though excessively inhuman, to treat them as rebels, and try them for high treason. It was quite clear, however, that they must fall under one or other of these categories. The Governor, accordingly, has for some time been urging upon his responsible advisers to come to a decision as to the course to be taken with them. If they were declared prisoners of war, they would of course be kept in confinement till the end of the war, but would otherwise be preserved harmless. If they were to be treated as rebels, they had a right, as British subjects, to an immediate trial. But the New Zealand Ministers will adopt neither course. They will not bring them to trial before the ordinary Courts, because a verdict might be difficult to obtain in a community where opinions are much divided. But neither will they declare them prisoners of war, because they wish to hold their possible fate *in terrorem* over their relatives who are fighting upon the Maori side. The only compromise to which they will consent is to bring the prisoners to trial before a military Court selected by themselves. The Governor, on the other hand, insists that the uncertainty in which the natives are kept as to the probable fate of these men is having the worst possible effect. It is generally supposed among the Maoris that the prisoners will be hung; and the Maoris are consequently neither giving nor asking quarter, under the impression that to surrender themselves prisoners of war would merely be to exchange a death upon the field of battle for a death upon the gallows. There the matter rests at present. The Governor in vain urges a more legal course. The Ministers—whose servant he, in one letter, bitterly observes that he is—prefer to retain with the Maoris the credit of intending an internecine war, though they know very well that they will not be allowed to carry it out. The last phase of the question is, that Mr. CARDWELL has written a very strong and decided despatch supporting the Governor, and authorizing him to disregard the opinions of his advisers upon these matters. As the war is fought with British troops and British money, all matters of policy which have a direct bearing upon the conduct of it must be decided by British authority. The further development of the dispute is still unknown to us, but the effect of it may not improbably be to explode the absurdity of Responsible Government in a country like New Zealand.

#### TEMPERANCE AT THE TAVERN.

**T**HANKFUL for small mercies, the United Kingdom Alliance has just celebrated its first Parliamentary victory by a very characteristic glorification and jollification. Mr. LAWSON's Permissive Bill mustered just thirty-five members to vote for it towards the flag end of last Session, and this entrance of compulsory temperance, or abstinence, on the stage of Parliament was on Wednesday evening crowned by a dinner at RADLEY's Hotel. A dinner at which there was (we suppose) nothing to drink must have been dull, and the absence of generous liquors was imperfectly compensated by the presence of talk which can scarcely be said to be generous. Instead of wine and olives, the post-prandial hilarity resolved itself into a regular meeting, with resolutions moved, seconded, and spoken to; and in this combination of Exeter Hall and a banquet, minus the wine, the guests must have passed a novel, if not a lively, evening. As only one of the morning papers

reported the dinner, and as there was nothing to report, we may be excused if we pass it over with rapid foot. Two things only occur to us. A question is suggested by one of the speakers, who rejoices in the name of JABEZ BURNS, D.D. Our query is this, How happens it that the only two men in England who happen to be blessed (if it is a blessing) with the peculiar name of JABEZ, should both be Alliance orators—JABEZ INWARDS and JABEZ BURNS? The wonder is, not that JABEZ the cleric and JABEZ the layman should both take the same line, but that they should take this particular line. It may be conjectured that any man with the name of JABEZ must be soured for life, and that the life and tastes of one JABEZ would be much the same as those of the other JABEZ. If, as he would be perfectly justified in doing, JABEZ INWARDS murdered his godfathers and godmothers who gave him this name, JABEZ BURNS might be reckoned upon as following the precedent. And so we suppose that, as one JABEZ, disgusted with his hard lot and un-Christian name, renounced in early life all good fellowship and communion with his fellows, and thus came to be a teetotaler, so the other JABEZ, by some mysterious law of sympathy, did the same. Our other difficulty is about the Alliance dining together at all. A dinner, and RADLEY'S Hotel, and all that a dinner involves—even with strong liquors "eliminated," as the newspapers say—looks rather like a defection from strict Alliance principles. Is it that, by way of compensation, the teetotalers, having forsworn moderate drinking, have taken to immoderate eating, and have compounded for gluttony by reviling drunkenness? This banquet at a licensed victualler's smacks of a tarnish coming over the fine gold. HANNIBAL is entering Capua; JABEZ is perilously near, if not to CIRCE, at least to her cup. It is all very well for his reverence to "call" attention to the first public dinner ever given by the Temperance body; but it may be the last. The dinners may survive, but the Temperance cause is in danger when it takes to taverns. GIBBON, in his pretty and decorous way, enlarges upon the unnecessary perils which certain ancient saints ran when they subjected their chastity to singular and uncalled-for temptations; and, with all respect for the severe and iron continence of the Alliance, we must say that its members are running great risks by assembling themselves together by troops in the house of strong drink.

The avowed object of the gathering was to increase the political influence of the Alliance in the metropolitan constituencies, which means, we suppose, that Lord FERMOY and Mr. WILLIAMS are to be terrorized into promising to support the Permissive Bill. Mr. LAWSON remarked, after Mr. DISRAELI, that there are three phases through which a question must pass. First, it must be popular, then Parliamentary, and, lastly, a Government measure; and Mr. LAWSON says that the Permissive Bill has arrived at its second stage. If so, it is before it has passed its first. But a question, during its Parliamentary or chrysalis stage of being, must pass through many phases of existence. There are all sorts of wild crazes which candidates will swallow, under the perfect certainty that they will never become law. The Ballot is the most inveterate of these dishonesties; but every new Parliament is prolific in novel monsters in the shape of pledges. It costs a candidate at present but little to pledge himself in favour of a Permissive Bill, just as it would have cost him little to declare himself a staunch advocate of the late Sir CHARLES BURRELL'S Housemaids' Protection Bill. The only drawback to this class of measures is their total immorality; and it is melancholy to find, on the approach of a general election, the hypocrisies of the hustings and the traps to catch unprincipled candidates increased by even a single addition.

Not only is the virtue-by-Act-of-Parliament principle bad, but the "permissive" character of Mr. LAWSON'S Bill makes it specially mischievous. If, as there is no doubt, drunkenness is a sin and social evil, and if the best way of abolishing the sin is to prohibit the sale of strong drink, and if Parliament thinks that it can or ought to try to defend the community against its own weaknesses by making drunkenness impossible, let it say so, and prohibit gin and beer just as it prohibits murder and robbery. This would be intelligible and honest tyranny. But to say that a thing is wrong, yet nevertheless that it must be left to two-thirds of the ratepayers in every parish to decide whether they will do right or wrong, is, in the very worst sense of the words, giving a Parliamentary instigation and sanction to sin and evil. If, as is the principle of the Alliance, human society is no better than a stupid, ignorant, pigheaded child, which must be protected against itself by putting out of its reach the means of doing wrong, it is something more foolish than folly to give this mere animal a voice in saying whether it will be good or

not. "Now, Tommy, this is a quart pot of gooseberry jam; if you eat it you will have a stomach-ache to a certainty; it's very nice, but you'll be very ill; and therefore I leave it to you to say whether I shall lock it up or not." This is a Permissive Bill in the nursery. It starts with asserting that man is such a beast that he cannot be trusted to manage himself; and then it goes on to give this beast power to decide whether, being a beast, he chooses to remain one or not. Or, if the Permissive Bill is not this, it is something worse. It gives the ratepayers who can get any and every intoxicating drink wholesale the right to prevent its retail sale. Owners and occupiers of property may be virtuous, or vicious on the sly, but there shall be no more cakes and ale for the poor. It is absolutely impossible for a poor man to keep a cask of beer in his cottage. It is, as every householder knows, difficult enough to keep beer at all in drinking condition when the temperature rises, and this even with the appliances of care and cellarage. But in the cottager's case the adoption of the Permissive Bill by the squire and farmer means the prohibition of the labourer's beer altogether; and to prohibit beer means to drive him to gin or opium.

And if it be said that some means can be devised for preventing this abominable tyranny, such as by allowing farmers or others to retail beer, we ask, in turn, Is the public-house, after all, such an unmitigated evil? Is it not rather the only possible form of companionship of which men's social instincts in a certain class of society can avail themselves? It is easy to say that the labourer ought to spend his evenings with his wife and family, improving his mind, amusing his spouse, and instructing his children. No doubt this is the ideal cottager, just as it is the ideal Manchester warehouseman or stockbroker, who comes home after his City chop to a heavy tea, to be followed by an instructive lecture to the rising hopes on mental arithmetic, or the history of the House of Valois. Beautiful picture! which it is humiliating to contrast with the fact that the actual City man after a late dinner usually goes to sleep, and is only awakened from his post-prandial slumbers by a closing "grog." Now, if we legislate for one class, we must legislate for all classes. Perhaps the husbandman's visit to the "Black Bull" does him no good, but neither does the mercantile gentleman's snore over the dining-room fire. We have about as much right to interfere with one, and to compel him to be virtuous, vigilant, and domestic, as we have to dictate to the other. Besides which, after all, man is a gregarious animal; he will associate with his kind; it is as natural to the village hind to meet and talk and compare notes as it is for his betters. And agricultural work is for the most part solitary, and therefore dreary. Except in harvest time, men rarely work in gangs in the fields. The gardener and ploughman and hedger has to mope the day through with the companionship of his own no-thoughts. The public-house presents him with some glimpse of a world of living men. It may be an ugly glimpse, and it very often is smoke-obscured, and not a little reeking with the fumes of unctuous flabby beer. It is possible that a village club might succeed, as it has certainly been tried; but, in the mean time, till education and a hundred and fifty other fine things have done their work, we must take man as we find him. Man clings to his fellows. He finds that the crude stupid gossip and stolid prosing of the pothouse is better than utter solitude. And while we all of us are what we are, wasting our time, neglecting our opportunities, idling, eating and drinking, and dropping in at the club, or just having a little chat with wisdom or folly as the case may be, we have scarcely a right to say that HODGE, in his way, shall not have the same liberty to waste or redeem the time that the squire or the farmer has. Why here are these very gentlemen—Mr. LAWSON and WHALLEY the Sage, Reverend JABEZ and Mr. POPE—who cannot even consolidate their solemn league and covenant against the idleness and sins of the poor without some ghastly caricature of good fellowship and merriment. Even the Alliance must dine, and dine together, and at RADLEY'S Hotel too, at the very moment when they are plotting and contriving how to prevent the poor even meeting together once a week or once a month at the alehouse. It is not good for man to be alone, either in town or village; and though there is no place like home, yet there has never been a time when, from year's end to year's end, the monotonous routine of the one fireside was good either for mind or temper. It may well be that better social reunions for farm-labourers are possible than those of the public-house; but, with all their evils, it is better not to prohibit them—especially if it is to be understood that the law undertakes to keep out of a man's reach everything which he can turn to evil. The oratorical

publican, speaking in defence of his order, was not so far wrong when he said, "You may as well prohibit razors because 'occasionally people cut their throats.'"

#### SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET.

MR. THACKERAY invented a theory which so much pleased his fancy that he resorted to it on every possible occasion. He imagined that every house has a special dark closet in it, and that in this closet is a skeleton. This allegory was meant to signify that every family has some great secret in it, or some painful memory, or some standing grief which mars its inward peace, and renders the fair front it may present to the world in some measure delusive. Here is Smith, he would point out, with his lovely wife and smiling family, his comfortable home, and his balance at his banker's; but, in the lonely hours of the night, Smith is brought face to face with his concealed skeleton, and is obliged to own to himself that life is altogether vanity. Here, again, is Jones, with his intellectual and social successes—Jones who is the idol of his club, and the darling of the drawing-rooms he favours; but, in the dark recesses of his heart, Jones is weighted with the burthen of a frightful mystery, which at times floats to the surface of his recollection, and bids him know what a poor shallow scoundrel he is. Whether Mr. Thackeray really thought his theory true, no one can tell; but at any rate it harmonized very well with the general view of men and things adopted by a humourist who delighted in exploring the emptiness and weaknesses and shortcomings of the society he observed, and who could see little else of good where he might rest the soles of his weary feet except the mild goodness of the weaker kind of women. That all men are snobs, and that all snobs are secretly unhappy, was the supreme result of his laborious meditations. His theory has been adopted as an axiom by minor novelists, and it is now laid down in the romances of the day, as a sort of law of nature, that there is a skeleton in the closet of every family. Mrs. Wood, for example, does not so much enforce as assume this great truth in the last novel she has published. She introduces the family of a poor navy captain. There are three lovely daughters, and the captain is a proud, noble-looking gouty gentleman, and the place they live in is in beautiful order. But they have their skeleton. The captain cannot pay his way. He is deeply in debt, and has no means of meeting the claims of the butchers and bakers who, on the strength of the appearances he keeps up, are good enough to supply his household with the mutton and bread it requires. The eldest daughter, who is the financier of the family, leads in consequence a life of the most desperate anxiety. She is always making up her books and casting up her accounts, and finding that bills, however carefully added up, cannot be paid without coin. The second daughter is so scared and excited by the sad prospect before her that she fastens herself with resolution and alacrity on the local surgeon, who admires her lovely eyes. This is their skeleton, and a terrific skeleton it is. In Mr. Thackeray's novels, the sorrows are more often those of the heart, and the sufferers find their skeleton in some of those miseries which plague a married couple. It is not, therefore, quite uninteresting to ask whether the novelists are right. Is there a skeleton in every household? Of course, something different is meant from the old truth that man is born to sorrow, and that few families can remain long without some grief to bear. An open and ordinary calamity is not a skeleton. If parents lose a favourite child, or a man in affluence is suddenly reduced to poverty, or the head of the household is stricken down with a lingering illness, these are very great griefs, but there is nothing secret or mysterious about them. The proposition of the novelist is that prosperous people, happy people, contented people, as they seem to their neighbours, have some secret grief which they conceal, and which corrodes the bliss they seem to be enjoying; and what we want to know is whether the facts of life give this theory any kind of support.

As love and money appear to be considered the chief causes of this secret misery, we may, in the first instance, confine our inquiry to the griefs they are likely to cause. Mrs. Wood selects money as the origin of her class of skeletons, and so we will begin with her. Is it the case that a large proportion of those persons who appear to be comfortably off are secretly overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties? It would be very unfair to push the theory too far, and to suppose that Mrs. Wood or any other novelist means to deny that there are very many well-to-do people in England. But she seems to assert that difficulties about money are continually pressing on a very large number of families that appear to be in easy circumstances. It is not obvious how any one is to prove whether this is so or not; for, if the skeletons are kept in the closet, the outside world cannot tell whether they are there. But we can use some indirect methods of arriving at an opinion. On the one hand, there is much to make us think that Mrs. Wood is right. Where does all the money come from that we see spent around us? It is not that there is much grandeur in England. No one can be surprised at that, for England is known to be very rich. But it certainly is astonishing that so many people who are not known to be very rich can afford to live so exactly as if they were very rich. There is something mysterious in the daily expenditure of innumerable families. The boys, as they grow up, go as a matter of course to public schools; the girls have the best of masters, and

silk dresses, and plenty of jewelry. If the family gives a dinner, it gives it in style—abundance of various sorts of bad wine, splendid plated candlesticks, the regulation cutlets, fens and ice-puddings, saddle of mutton, chickens and tongue, lots of busy black-coated waiters, and all that makes up the ideal of a real, handsome, comfortable entertainment in middle-class English society. Then, again, every family can afford to go every year to the sea-side or on the Continent. No one ever suffers it to be supposed for a moment that they are kept at home during the summer by want of money. The curious inquirer may well ask where it all comes from. How does it happen that a barrister who has just secured a fair sessions business, and is beginning to get the thinnest of wedges into the rich block of London business, can afford to live like a banker or a brewer? Mrs. Wood, we presume, would reply that it is all hollow; that people live beyond their means; that, though they seem well off, they are really very poor, and that they have the dreadful skeleton of secret impecuniosity concealed in their domestic cupboards. This is a theory, but is it a fact? If it were a fact, we should expect to see our neighbours continually breaking down. The skeleton could not be kept in the cupboard for ever. The day of a great smash would arrive, and this mockery of wealth would fade away like a dream. But nothing of the sort happens. We find our friends and acquaintances doing this year what they did last, and proposing to do next year what they have done this year. They give every sign of being sure of their ground. They always produce so much money as at least saves appearances. If they are ever driven to economise, they are seldom forced to take any more serious step than that of docking their subscriptions to charities. They have always credit if they have not money, and seem to get everything they want without trouble. Therefore the natural conclusion is that the surprising wealth of English middle-class society is in the main substantial, and that anxiety about money does not contribute very largely to stock with skeletons the cupboards of those who seem in easy or comfortable circumstances.

Mr. Thackeray was fond enough of exposing the hollowness of half-rich snobs, and of dwelling on the miseries which their vanity drives them to endure; but, in talking of skeletons, he talked more especially of those which love, or the disappointments of love, may be supposed to produce. The two chief skeletons are, that a married person may have liked some one else better than the person he or she actually did marry, and that married persons on a nearer acquaintance find out their mistake. That there are instances to be found where these skeletons exist, no one can deny; but what reason have we to suppose that such instances are numerous? Nothing pleased Mr. Thackeray more than to point out how often a husband has a lock of hair treasured up that his wife never sees, or a wife has a flower in her drawer which she once thought a flower from Paradise. But Mr. Thackeray also loves equally to point out how very slight a place these remembrances and keepsakes really occupy in the minds of men and women after a few years are gone by. A man who is moderately happy—who has his business, his garden, his stables, his guests, and his children to think of, and who spends many minutes out of the twenty-four hours of which a conjugal day consists in consulting with his wife about their common interests—may perhaps once in four or five years open an old packet of letters, look them languidly over, and say with sincerity and sensibility, if he finds one from an old love, that she was a sweet dear creature in the old days. If he is a man of deep feeling and susceptible heart, his pang of baffled affection may possibly last five minutes, and then he puts the letters by, and has all his usual serenity restored to him. Does this deserve to be called a skeleton—a secret sorrow which renders his outward happiness a delusion? There are, again, many persons who say that married life is generally unhappy, and that lovers soon find out the grossness of their delusion. It might even be argued that it is very natural this should be so. Lovers meet, are inspired, are devoted, are married. Why should this hasty and random choice be supposed to lead to happiness? We do not know why, but we cannot help looking to facts. If we survey the circle of our friends, we shall find very few who have not married happily, and who do not seem very tolerably suitable to each other. The wives seem very happy when the husbands come home, the husbands appear very glad to get home. There are, of course, exceptions; but then they are generally noticeable exceptions. They occur to us immediately as instances of unhappy marriages. But if we take instance after instance from among friends whose names do not at once occur to us as having anything unusual in their married life, we are obliged to pronounce that, so far as we can tell, the husbands and wives seem to be very tolerably happy. They may have a little to bear, or a little to regret, but nothing in the least like a cause for a secret overpowering grief. We are, therefore, obliged to conclude that skeletons do not seem to exist in anything like the closets of every family, and that the great mass of persons whom we know appear to be free from them. If the novelists said that there is a skeleton in some closets, they would be on sure ground; but this is a very tame and ineffective thing to say; and so they awaken our curiosity and awe by asserting that there is a skeleton in the closet of every family. We may be thankful if, in point of fact, this is wholly untrue, and if Providence, which assigns men so many outward calamities, has not, as a rule, seen fit to oppress them with the burden of a mysterious and secret grief.

## PARTY NAMES.

THERE is, or used to be, a class of politicians whose only principle was to "stand by their colours." They were sometimes a little puzzled at finding that the meaning of blue and yellow was not fixed by the hand of nature, but that the Tory symbol of one county spoke a Whig language in another. Nay, we know at least one county, Northamptonshire to wit, where blue had one meaning for the county and another for the borough. A burgher of Northampton, who chanced also to be a freeholder of Northamptonshire, must have had painfully conflicting duties. In another part of England we have heard of a man who had votes for two boroughs—we think they were Nottingham and Newark—where blue and yellow interchanged their meanings in the same way. We forget whether the honest man was blue or yellow, but he regularly voted for the Tory candidate in one town and for the Whig in the other, and then prided himself on his consistency in being always true to his colours. Here, then, is a class of politicians who can be appealed to only through their eyes; there are others who are governed by the ear in a manner hardly more intelligent. No doubt there is many a man who would scorn such consistency as voting always for blue or for yellow, yet who votes always for Whig or Tory in a manner almost as mechanical. Nor is the matter mended by substituting the new-fashioned names "Liberal" and "Conservative" for the old-fashioned Whig and Tory. The descriptive name gets as completely identified with a secondary meaning as the word which is utterly meaningless. "Liberal" ceases to mean "liberal," and "Conservative" to mean "conservative"; they simply mean support of Lord Palmerston's Administration or of Lord Derby's Opposition. The Liberal elector would often have great difficulty in showing that there was any particular liberality in the course to which his party is committed; it is, however, in his eyes a Liberal course, because it is supported by a Liberal Administration. It would be almost harder for the Conservative elector to prove just now that the policy of his party is, in any special way, conservative; for to be conservative in opposition is quite as difficult as to be liberal in office. In short, the use of descriptive names—the assumption of certain merits or qualities as characteristic of the party—seems really to serve no purpose except that of supplying the adversaries of each party with a weapon of derision against it. If the Conservative measure is not conservative, if the Liberal measure is not liberal, then great is the joy of the other side. Whig and Tory, as being quite meaningless words, had not this disadvantage. It was of course easy to reproach either party with the inconsistency of its acts with its principles, but the inconsistency did not involve any such contradiction in terms as is involved in the notion of a destructive Conservative or an illiberal Liberal. A party name of this sort has the same kind of disadvantage as a personal name expressing any marked quality. If Mr. Long happens to be very short, politeness hinders you from laughing at him because of it, but the grotesque incongruity makes you laugh in your sleeve. But if the Liberal is illiberal, or if the Conservative is destructive, you do more than laugh in your sleeve; you are delighted with the opportunity of laughing as loudly and as publicly as you can.

When we say that Whig and Tory are meaningless names, we do not intend to imply that they are sounds absolutely without meaning, or that it was without a meaning that they were given to the two great English political parties. Both names had a well-known meaning in neighbouring countries; the Whig was a being well known in Scotland, and the Tory was equally well known in Ireland. The names were originally given to the two parties by their respective adversaries as names of contempt. It is curious that both parties should have gradually adopted them as honourable badges. This could hardly have happened if the names had not been, to English notions, so meaningless in themselves. When we call them meaningless, we mean that, to an English ear, they are not descriptive; they involve no profession of political faith; they would convey no idea whatever to one who understood the English language but knew nothing of English politics. The names soon became mere arbitrary signs for the two parties, simply meaning those two parties and nothing else. "Tory" came to mean Tory, just as "horse" means horse. It is not so with names like Conservative and Liberal—names which have a meaning, and which consequently make a profession. Every one who knows the language at once sees what sort of profession is made by the several parties. If he finds that the practice of either party does not agree with the name, he is struck with the inconsistency. He will say, at the first blush, that the so-called Conservatives are not really conservative, or that the so-called Liberals are not really liberal. But he cannot thus, at the first blush, say that the so-called Tories are not really Tories, or that the so-called Whigs are not really Whigs, because the words Whig and Tory convey to him no meaning except as the arbitrary names of the two parties. Before he knows whether they are consistent or otherwise, he must study their past history and their present policy.

The inconvenience of a descriptive name comes out very strongly in American politics. What are Democrats, and what are Republicans? The Democrats are not more democratic than the Republicans; the Republicans are not more republican than the Democrats. The names are even more puzzling than Liberal and Conservative, because, in their literal sense, they more distinctly express recognised political opinions. That is to say, it may be a matter of opinion what is Liberal

and what is Conservative, but Republic and Democracy are terms which can be defined beforehand. In the common acceptance of words, Republican is a genus, of which Democrat is a particular species; in that acceptance of words we should say that both the American parties are alike democratic and consequently alike republican. Historically, it is not difficult to see how the name Democrat obtained its special party meaning; it is not so easy to see how the like happened to the name Republican. But, as the names are now applied, they are perfectly meaningless; they afford the best possible opportunity for retort and mistakes of every kind. It is not long since an article appeared in the *Times*, which began with some general speculations on the nature of democracies, and then went on to quote "the American Democracy" in illustration of some of them. A few more lines showed that the words "American Democracy" were not to be taken as equivalent to "American Republic," but were intended to express the "Democratic" party as opposed to the "Republican" party. The writer, in the innocence of his heart, evidently thought that a "Democratic" party must illustrate the nature of an ideal democracy in some way in which the "Republican" party failed to illustrate it.

The turnings about of American political names are specially curious. While the Federal Constitution was under discussion, the great dispute about "Federal" and "National" arose. Should the Constitution be "National," or should it be only "Federal"? Here the word "Federal" was used to express the party which wished to give the smallest degree of authority to the central power; their opponents, it was argued, were for giving the central power so large a degree of authority that the Constitution would cease to be a Federal Constitution and become a "Consolidated" one. But when the Constitution was actually established on a basis intermediate between the two extreme theories, then the word "Federal," as a party term, changed its meaning. It now meant, not the party which was for giving the central power the least authority, but that which was for giving it the most. It meant the party attached to the Federal power as distinguished from the power of the States. The opposite party called themselves, first Republicans and then Democrats, evidently as implying that the Federalists had forsaken true republican and democratic principles. Jefferson, in his inaugural address, used the words, "We are all Federalists, and we are all Republicans"—words which to many of his hearers sounded like a contradiction in terms. Of course Jefferson meant to conciliate by falling back on the original meaning of both words. In that meaning, all were Republicans and all were Federalists. Adams was a Republican, in so far as he had no wish to establish a monarchy; Jefferson was a Federalist, in so far as he had no wish for a consolidation of the States. Thus we might say in England, We are all Liberals and we are all Conservatives. We are all Liberals, in so far as no one supports measures which he allows to be illiberal. We are all Conservatives, in so far as there are certain fundamental institutions which no man wishes to disturb; we are all Conservatives, in so far as no one avowedly professes himself a destructive. A Radical Reformer may, on his own showing, be perfectly Conservative; it may be his very wish to preserve the institution itself which makes him so eager to tear up all its abuses by the roots. In all these cases we fall back on the original meaning of the word as distinguished from its secondary party meaning. It is, in this sense, no contradiction to say that all Americans are at once Democrats and Republicans, that all Englishmen are at once Liberals and Conservatives. But it would be a contradiction to say that all Englishmen are at once Whigs and Tories, because Whig and Tory have practically no primary meaning. The historically primary meaning of Scotch fanatics and Irish banditti is quite forgotten and is quite inapplicable.

In some cases, party names, without being so completely unmeaning as Whig and Tory, yet completely drop their primary meaning, so that it is not in the least thought of when the words are uttered. The word Quaker, for instance, has quite lost its original meaning. Nobody expects a Quaker to be more given to quaking than the most orthodox Churchman. In fact, Quakers are just the people who do not quake; they are commonly the most calm and self-possessed of mankind. The word Quaker, then, is neither unmeaning, like Tory and Whig, nor yet does it retain its primary meaning, like Liberal and Conservative. Liberal and Conservative are terms which are still capable of a serious retort, while the word Quaker can yield nothing beyond the mildest of puns. Of course there is this difference, that the Quakers did not invent the name, nor do they formally accept it. You may therefore fairly charge the illiberal Liberal with inconsistency; but you cannot bring any charge against the Quaker who does not quake, because he never undertook to quake. The term Methodist, originally given, like that of Quaker, in contempt, and still often uttered in a contemptuous tone, is, unlike that of Quaker, formally adopted by the body to which it is applied. But the original allusion implied in the word Methodist—namely, to a sect of ancient physicians—was so very far-fetched and unfamiliar that the word may be looked upon as practically unmeaning.

Guelfs and Ghibelines were something like Quakers and Methodists. That is to say, the names had a meaning when they were first given in the twelfth century, but they had quite lost it long before the beginning of the sixteenth. One may doubt whether the Guelfs and Ghibelines of that age retained so much as the general notion of being for the Pope and the Emperor respectively; they certainly had forgotten everything about Duke Welf and the Castle of Wiblingen. So, most likely, the Shanavests and

the Caravats had at first some intelligible ground of difference, but they went on breaking one another's heads long after the original dispute was forgotten. So, again, some of the lesser and temporary American names probably had some meaning or other, though at this distance we can merely guess at it. What is a Hard Shell? What is a Barnburner? The Hard Shell is beyond our powers of cracking; he is as hard as Whig and Tory must seem to a Chinese. But the Barnburner suggests many curious speculations. We can hardly believe that there ever was a political party whose avowed principle was to burn down their neighbours' barns. We can hardly believe that, as we may crow over the illiberal Liberal or the despotic Republican, so it would be a legitimate retort on a Barnburning orator to affirm that he had never been guilty of arson. It strikes us on the whole that those political names are best which are the most purely arbitrary signs for their several parties—those which are the most unmeaning, the least descriptive, the least capable of retort. On this principle, Barnburner is a better name than Liberal, and Ghibeline a better name than Barnburner. But, look at what age and country we will, we shall find no party names which did such good service or which were so thoroughly suited to their end, as the good old half-forgotten names of Whig and Tory.

#### HUSBANDS.

THE view which a wife takes of the character of her husband is, for obvious reasons, not always identical with that taken by the outside world. We all know cases of women finding every possible excellence in men whom everybody else agrees in pronouncing very silly and very selfish; and, on the other hand, men who commonly pass for everything that is generous and high-souled are often known at home to be full of petty egotisms and unlovable weaknesses. It is a little more curious that in the latter case women, as a rule, do not even wish other people to agree with them. They pour out their complaints into the ears of patient friends, but no sooner does the friend appear to share their convictions about the husband's shortcomings than, as Nancy Lammeter said, "they turn round and praise him as if they wanted to sell him." They do not so much want sympathy as an opportunity of relieving their feelings, and nobody can become the confidant of a large circle of aggrieved married women who does not thoroughly understand this. Having married with impracticable views, or else with no views at all, about the life which they are entering, they subside, if of a weak temperament, into discontent and uneasiness; or, if possessed of irrepressible natural activity, they find a sufficient outlet for their dissatisfaction in the nursery, or at Dorcas meetings, or in bullying Tractarian or Rationalist curates. The fact that they refuse to allow anybody but themselves to abuse the husband for ceasing to be a lover says much for the general sense of what is due to conjugal honour. And this, after all, is often the sum of a woman's grievances. It would be folly to deny that, even among more refined people than navvies and tramps, there are men who treat their wives with downright cruelty and heartlessness; but if this were other than distinctly exceptional, it would be quite impossible, even with the safety-valve of a Divorce Court, for society to hold together. Less bitter than this, but still intolerable enough, is a husband of an imperious and arrogant temper, who constantly offends his wife and everybody else by insolence and dogmatism. But by far the larger number of Englishmen are neither cruel nor overbearing. They are, as a rule, properly fond of their wives, and like them to be as happy and comfortable as possible; and the failure in this respect, where there is failure, is principally due to the nonsensical theories which young ladies too often entertain about married life—theories, however, for which they ought not to incur the entire blame. So long as they receive the peculiarly whimsical education which is at present thought good enough for all practical purposes, and are confined—unless they can write novels, or feel a call to practise physic—to the weakest kinds of make-believe activity, we cannot expect them to hold very sound notions about the whole duty of wives. Some philosopher has said that a man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage. The revolution wrought in the mind of a woman must be still more remarkable. Marriage being the only goal which, in the vast majority of cases, she has ever been taught to look forward to or aim after, whatever discoveries she may make on arriving there produce a proportionately deeper impression upon her than upon the man, as she has fewer other interests. If the anticipated bliss of this state is unfulfilled, then life is vanity indeed. Some women seem to be left stunned and helpless on finding that married life is not a sort of lasting picnic, and pass the remnant of their days in impotent whining. With others, luckily, the instinct of self-preservation and self-respect is too strong for this, and after a short stage of mental blankness they soon grasp the truth, that what they had mistaken for the goal is only the starting-point of a journey that will demand a good many virtues of which hitherto they have only read in Sunday books. We are not saying that all wives are disappointed in their husbands, and must necessarily fall into one or other of these two classes. Many of them want so exceedingly little in return for their heart and hand that disappointment is almost out of the question. Some, again, are by nature of an affectionate and reverential temper which refuses to see the flaws in anybody to whom they have once fairly attached themselves, and husbands frequently fancy that this is what they have a right to expect. Apart from

the question whether they are often likely to get it, it is worth considering how far such mental prostration is profitable either to the idol or the votary. But although everybody may know abundant instances of wives who are profoundly contented with their husbands, we suspect the number of those who find their lords precisely what, before marriage, they supposed them to be, is exceedingly small. It would be a piece of absurd and cynical affectation to say that the happiness of married life is only a decorous fancy; yet we are tolerably confident that the verdict of almost any twelve candid matrons who could be impelled would be to the effect that this happiness is of a very different kind from that which they had anticipated, and that the husband is an incredibly different manner of man from the suitor. It would, indeed, be very strange if it were otherwise. When he is in love, a man may think as a child and speak as a child; but, if he is to go on growing, he must put away childish things. In fact, most women would soon begin to complain of a husband who continued to feed them on the barley-sugar which, in its place, had been so exquisitely palatable. Still, the change from barley-sugar to beef and mutton not unfrequently occasions a decided shock to the moral system. A poet or a novelist of the analytic school would find an admirable subject in the working of this change upon a mind fortunately of rare and exceptional sensitiveness, such as one occasionally encounters in real life. The sorrows of men who have been jilted are now a worn-out theme, but the tragedy of a clever and high-minded woman who awakes to find herself mated with a pragmatical ass or downright villain has yet, in spite of *Romola*, to be effectively treated, her powers growing in strength, while his only grow in loudness or wickedness. Imagine the position of such a woman living with a bad but conceited poet, or with a man who was at war with his kind on the subject of perpetual motion or the quadrature of the circle. Of course she does not tell everybody her wretched secret, and perhaps is herself only alive to it in a half-conscious way. But the marriage is a mistake for all that.

The most common source of unsuitable matches is plainly the sheer thoughtlessness with which many women marry. The process resembles nothing so much as raffling. Virtually, the whole thing is an affair of accident and chance, and the maiden who "was married one morning as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit" has too many imitators of her rashness. There are a great many nice questions with reference to the exact duty of parents in preventing matrimonial mistakes on the part of their daughters. Of course, if a girl has set her heart on a groom, or on somebody whom they know to be an unprincipled scamp, her father and mother would be gravely to blame if they did not promptly take every possible step to prevent the marriage. But suppose the favoured suitor is what they call "a very deserving young man," but needy, are they to prohibit the match in the face of the daughter's vehement inclination? Or a case may arise in which they know nothing against the character or the position of the suitor, but entertain a vague misgiving, an indistinct prejudice, against him. May this be justly allowed to counterbalance the daughter's deliberate preference? There are a hundred shades of feeling between cordial approbation of a man for a son-in-law, and a repugnance which nothing can overcome; and it is impossible to draw the line at any one point and say, Here the father is justified in withholding his consent. In every case, very much must depend upon the character of the daughter herself. If she is naturally weak and wrongheaded, the exercise of parental authority can hardly be carried too far in order to protect her. But if she has habitually displayed a sound judgment and a solid temper, the question how far a father will be wise in imposing his veto is one which there must be a good deal of practical difficulty in deciding. Something like the following language has been used on the subject of marriage settlements:—"It is evidently very inconsistent for you to have such confidence in a man as to give him your daughter, and yet to impose restrictions on her property which imply that you think it quite possible that he may turn out a very objectionable person after all. You say the settlement is a precaution. But, as a precaution, it is absurdly incomplete. The only complete precaution is the prohibition of the marriage." But surely this is a very off-hand way of meeting the difficulty. It entirely assumes a position which to us appears wholly untenable—namely, that a father can always with wisdom and justice resort to the extreme exercise of his authority. There are, as we have said, broadly marked cases where he would be bound to exert this authority with the utmost peremptoriness. But we submit that, as a rule, the objection on which the prohibition is founded should be substantial and distinct. The argument to which we refer supposes that a man has only to say, You shall not marry Mr. So-and-so, and then he may immediately subside into a complacent and unquestioning conviction that he has done his whole duty as a British father. Among Orientals and barbarians this is no doubt an extremely satisfactory state of things, but in a country where women do not wrap up their faces and may not, in case of refractoriness, legally be tied up in sacks and thrown into the Thames, this power of despotic prohibition is a matter involving a good deal of responsibility. There may be any number of complex considerations, and, after he has duly weighed them all, the father may still be very gravely puzzled what course to take. We do not suppose that many young women die annually of broken hearts, but it appears not unlikely that as many happy marriages are prevented by the reckless exercise of the right of prohibition as unhappy ones are produced by reckless consent. The unhappiness of a matron is greatly to be

deplored; still the woes of a frustrated spinster ought to count for something. Yet because a father does not think so ill of a man as to run the risk of making his daughter seriously unhappy by thwarting her reasonable inclination, nor so well of his prudence, sagacity, and incorruptible thriftiness as to hand him over ten or twenty thousand pounds without keeping any sort of control over it, he is accused of holding a theory that sons-in-law are in the nature of burglars. Well, but, it is said, the cause of this cumbrous arrangement of trustees, and parchment, and heavy bills, and so on, is to be found in the common-law principle that a husband becomes absolutely entitled to his wife's personal property and to the profits of her real property during her life, or, under certain circumstances, for his own life. This may be a very mischievous principle, and we are no champions of the common-law doctrines about *femes covertes*. But is it at all probable, if the whole common law were swept away, and every married woman became entitled, as against her husband, to the absolute ownership of all her property, that a father would cease to tie up his daughter's fortune? Would he be one whit more ready to entrust property which, after all, is his own—for this is the case on which we are arguing—to a man who, in spite of all foresight, might be tempted into bad speculations or improvident living? For though legally it might be made the woman's own property, it is not very difficult to see how it would come, as a matter of fact, to be within the control of the son-in-law. We are not saying that the common-law doctrine is not very insulting to women, and sometimes exceedingly prejudicial to their interests. This is not the question. The father wishes to secure to his daughter and her children certain property, which, be it remembered, is his own, and not theirs. He chooses that she shall have no power to frustrate this intention by diverting his gift to a person whom he may possibly like very much or possibly be quite indifferent to, and he has recourse to the only means by which he can be quite sure that his property will go where he desires that it should go. What has the common-law principle to do with this? He wishes it to go to his daughter, not to his son-in-law; and he knows enough of human nature to be sure that, if left in her power, the husband would be able either to coax or bully her into surrendering it, or to make her life a burden to her for refusing.

We consider the anti-settlement view sentimental, not because its upholders assail the doctrine of the common law, but because, in the substitutes which they propose, they shut their eyes to the actual experience of mankind, and neglect the notorious conditions of married life. We maintain the question at issue to be, not whether married women should own their property, but whether a father ought so far to adopt his daughter's enthusiastic estimate of her lover as to banish every thought that he ever can become other than immaculate, and to neglect reasonable precautions accordingly. He has seen other marriages which looked just as "auspicious" end in misery and ruin. Of course he believes that this will be otherwise, but still there is the chance; and though he cannot protect his daughter from every possibility of being made miserable, he does the best he can. It has been said that marriage-settlements are useful only where the marriage itself was a mistake. It might be replied that they are often the very means of preventing marriages from proving mistakes, because they prevent that estrangement and alienation which could scarcely fail to attend any expression of determination on the wife's part to keep to herself the property which the reformed common-law had conferred upon her. The French system is, no doubt, worthy of investigation, and the machinery of English settlements may be unnecessarily cumbrous and expensive, but we should look suspiciously on any improvements springing from the cool theory that a husband is treated like a burglar because he is not allowed to have undisputed control over his father-in-law's money.

#### THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE LAW.

FROM the first it has been felt that the Jurisprudence Department was the salt of the Social Science Association, and if the meeting at York had produced no fruit besides the admirable address of Sir James Wilde, it would have done much to vindicate its title to respect, and probably to leave its mark upon the institutions of the country. Bold at once and temperate, fair both to the past and the present, hopeful and suggestive for the future, that address presents a picture of the merits and shortcomings of our legal system, and a sketch of what is and what is not now possible in the matter of its reform, which most lawyers and many laymen will recognise as true in all its main features. We of this generation have been apt to plume ourselves on the vast improvements that have been effected in our judicial machinery since the epoch to which Sir J. Wilde referred, when Lord Brougham, in 1828, delivered his memorable philippic against the abuses of the law. But this is a conceited as well as a reforming generation, which is more ready to boast of what it has done than to bear in mind the greater things which have been left undone. Law, as Sir J. Wilde pithily puts it, means justice administered with method; and all the vaunted reforms of the last thirty years have been confined, with scarcely an exception, to the methods of procedure, without touching the more serious defects which are embalmed in the records of the law itself. The avenues of the law have been to a great extent cleared of the delay, expense, and uncertainty which barred the access of the suitor, but the law remains for the most part what it was and

where it was—a heap of half-developed principles entangled in a web of subtlety, and almost buried in the mass of undigested learning from which they have to be dug out for daily use. The last age has done its work in the reform of legal procedure, and the value of Sir J. Wilde's address consists in its full recognition of the truth that the pressing duty incumbent upon us at the present time is the organization and reform of the body of the law itself. It is not the first time that this duty has been acknowledged in words, and, if good speeches could cure bad law, we should long since have been far advanced in the enterprise which has scarcely yet been so much as attempted. The special stimulus to which many of Sir J. Wilde's observations may be traced was given, more than a year ago, by the remarkable denunciation of the state of English law with which the Lord Chancellor startled the country from the Woolsack. In one form or another, protests against the unscientific confusion of English jurisprudence have not been wanting since the time of the great Lord Bacon, and one begins to ask in despair when the complaints which have been so freely sown are to bear fruit in the remedies for which the country has been waiting for centuries. Are our greatest legal minds to waste their energies for ever in denouncing evils which no one stirs a finger to remove? or is there any hope that the time for action, so long delayed, has come at last, and that the aspirations of our best jurists are at length to receive some satisfaction?

There is much in Sir J. Wilde's speech to encourage the belief that the period of inaction is drawing to its close. What have been, in past times, the hindrances to the desired reform? First of all, perhaps, the excessive reverence and the professional partiality for the strong and clumsy body of law which has grown with the growth of our Constitution. The slightest catalogue of the innovations already sanctioned in the procedure of all our Courts would be enough to show that larger and more comprehensive reforms would have little to fear from that excessive veneration of the past which characterized the Eldonian period. This, the greatest of all obstacles, has departed with the spirit of Toryism, never to return. Another hindrance, once equally formidable, has also in great measure disappeared. It was one thing to denounce existing evils, and a very different thing to indicate the course which reform should take. Until recently, there has been so much discordance of opinion among those who were most eager to remove the blot upon our judicial system, that it was impossible to command, either within or beyond the pale of the profession, sufficient support to justify any large and comprehensive scheme. If one extreme section of reformers was bent upon the immediate codification of the whole common and statute law, others, less sanguine though not less sincere, doubted the possibility of obtaining legislative sanction for a code that could not be discussed in detail; while the experience of foreign countries taught us that the apparent clearness and simplicity of a code are often due to the care with which it evades, instead of grappling with, real complexities, and that in practice it may often add the ambiguities of construction to the difficulties of law. So long as the cry raised by reformers was for the immediate construction of a code, the prospect of any effectual action in the matter was about as great as if they had called for a lawgiver from the moon. The country was not, and is not, ripe for any such movement, and it is idle to discuss the really difficult question whether the evils or the advantages of a rigid code would, in a country like England, be the more likely to predominate. But the notion of attempting a code, in the strict sense of the word, has, we believe, vanished from the minds of all our practical reformers, and, with the loss of this visionary project, a clear, practical, feasible substitute has been rapidly growing into favour.

The key-note which was struck by Lord Westbury in his famous speech has been taken up by Sir J. Wilde, and has already, if we are not mistaken, brought the feeling of reformers into something like unison. Be the ideal perfection of a code what it may, it is not a code, but a digest, that will supply the appropriate remedy for the confusion of English law. Even if a code were recognised as the ultimate object of ambition, no one who contemplates the singular tangle into which our law has luxuriated can seriously doubt that a comprehensive digest is essential as a preliminary step; and if there is, as we believe to be the case, a real agreement on this point, there is no necessity for disorganizing the reform ranks by discussing the question whether anything more ought to be done when the digest is completed. This first step will supply work for one generation, and no differences of theory on other points need delay the immediate prosecution of an undertaking which is equally essential whether designed to mould the ultimate form of the law or as a step to a still more perfect development. It ought no longer to be possible for a learned judge to say truly of the law which he administers that it furnishes nothing between the succinctness of a maxim and the detail of an individual case. The importance of rescuing the guiding principles of the law from the labyrinth of reports in which they are buried is, indeed, so universally acknowledged that Sir J. Wilde may have seemed to many to have enunciated the baldest of truisms in declaring his conviction of the necessity of an authoritative digest. But the danger of the present time is, that while the want is freely admitted, nothing will be done to satisfy it. We know what is required, but we do absolutely nothing. Assuredly, the time has come for action, yet no one moves. Why is this? Certainly not because a digest is impracticable. Such clues as lawyers trust to every day, to lead them through the intricacies of

case-law, are all supplied by digests—some of them almost perfect under their conditions, but vitiated by the lack of authority to select among conflicting cases, and to say which are law, and which may be rejected. It is not for want of ability that these text-book digests do not supply the want that is felt; but when an author dares not do more than insinuate a doubt about the most wrong-headed decision, and is not suffered to ignore a single blunder which has ever escaped from judicial lips, he cannot make his digest of any branch of law more than a record of the inconsistencies which may happen to deform it. These are not the sort of digests which are needed. Still less is the craving for scientific symmetry satisfied by those mere indexes of cases to which the name of digests is commonly applied, as distinguished from the text-books which approach more nearly to the true type. These wonderful productions of laborious and indiscriminate industry are, in great part, nothing but sepulchres of dead and buried law, and are about as far from being digests of legal principles as anything which the perverted ingenuity of lawyers could produce.

Still, what is done, far as it is from the true ideal, proves well enough that a genuine digest might be easily framed if only labour of the right stamp were employed upon it. It was to a work of this kind that Lord Westbury's speech in 1863 pointed—a work to be supplemented, as it must be, by a continuous process of digesting the new law produced, year by year, in the course of litigation, in a manner as different as possible from the voluminous reporting which now overwhelms both the law and its professors. That the scheme is feasible cannot be doubted. Every lawyer will agree with Sir J. Wilde in his bold declaration of the practicability of such a project:—"I cannot resist the belief that, within the bounds of reasonable labour and time, the general principles and broad bases on which our Common Law reposes, and which tacitly guide the decisions of our Courts, might be brought to the surface, grouped together, subordinated in their several relations, and contrasted in their differences"; and few will dissent from his conclusion that the attempt ought to be made with authority, and that the first judicial minds of the country might worthily be employed upon the task. The highest judicial officer of the country has made no secret of his own convictions on the subject, and there has never at any time been a concurrence of circumstances so favourable to the enterprise as those which now exist. Opinion is well settled as to the direction which the reform should take; impracticable dreams have been universally given up in favour of a feasible plan, and one which may be executed by degrees, and extended step by step from one branch of law to another. No preliminary decree giving absolute authority to the projected digest would be required from the Legislature. It would be enough that it should be framed by a body commanding the respect of the profession, and its final recognition, as the only binding authority, might be postponed until it had secured on its merits (as, if well executed, it could not fail to do) the recognition of the courts of justice. In this way any errors that crept in might be gradually corrected, and Parliament would at last be asked to do nothing more than sanction a body of law which had already commanded the assent of the judicial body. Side by side with this purging of the old law, a systematic digest of new decisions, on the same method of preserving essential principles, might well supersede or supplement the whole system of modern reporting; and in a few years we should see the shapeless block of English law grow into harmony of form, and approaching day by day more near to the ideal perfection which we have been so long labouring to destroy and overlay.

There is probably no one in the country who has a more vivid appreciation of the value and feasibility of such a reform than the Lord Chancellor himself, and it is difficult to comprehend why the doctrines which Lord Westbury has proclaimed on this subject have as yet been so entirely without fruit. The greater half of his projected reform, the digesting of the old reports, has not even been attempted; while the grand reform which he shadowed out of the reporting machinery by which the law grows from day to day has been parodied by an abortive attempt, on the part of a section of the bar, to re-organize the reporting system on a basis which could not fail to perpetuate its most flagrant defects. Something very different from this had been looked for as the fruit of Lord Westbury's elevation to the Woolsack. The comprehensive grasp of principles and the bold tenacity of purpose for which the Lord Chancellor has always had credit would, it was supposed, insure at least a vigorous attempt to commence the great reform of English law. Others had spoken, but Lord Westbury would act. Such was the universal conviction. But a year has passed in silence and inaction, and a year in these days is not an insignificant portion of the average tenure of the Woolsack. No one believes that Lord Westbury shrinks from this or any other enterprise that he has publicly and deliberately approved; but, whatever the obstacles may be that have hitherto delayed the greatest work to which an English lawyer could put his hand, there is too much reason to fear that, if they prove too great for the reforming zeal and energy of the Lord Chancellor, this generation will look in vain for the commencement of a work for which an equally propitious time can scarcely be expected to recur. A great opportunity has come, and it seems only too likely to have come in vain.

#### THE REBELLION IN CHINA.

THE fall of Nankin has for some time been looked forward to, alike by Imperialists and rebels, as the last act in the insurrection which has so long devastated the most fertile provinces of China; and the suicide of the Tien Wang, two days before the taking of his capital, has removed the only bond which gave even an apparent unity to the movements of the insurgents. It is curious to remember that, only a few years since, the ultimate success of the rebellion was regarded by many persons both as extremely probable in itself, and as equivalent to the establishment of Christianity throughout the Chinese Empire. For this latter belief the early history of the Taepings had afforded some little excuse. Their creed was so far Christian that the first notion of it was derived from the Christian Scriptures. But it was not derived directly from this source, and the intervening medium was no better than the diseased imagination of a clever but disappointed enthusiast. Hung-siu-tsuen, the "First" (and last) "Emperor of the Taeping dynasty," seems to have been a boy of an ambitious and studious temper, prevented by the poverty of his parents from obtaining the education he desired, and consequently unable, after repeated trials, to obtain the literary degree which forms the indispensable preliminary to a public career in China. On one of his numerous visits to Canton, the capital of his native province, to undergo the prescribed examination, he fell in with a native catechist who gave him some tracts containing portions of the Chinese Bible published by the Protestant missionaries. Hung-siu-tsuen is said to have just looked at these tracts and then thrown them aside; but they must have made a deeper impression upon his mind than he was conscious of at the time, or than he afterwards thought fit to acknowledge, for, in the course of a long illness two or three years later, he described a series of visions which, whether seen or invented, were evidently suggested by isolated texts of Scripture. He is led before a venerable old man, who weeps over the ingratitude of his children on the earth; he feels himself defiled, and is washed from his sins in a river; he has his side opened, and a new heart put into it; he is given a sword, a seal, and a fruit sweet to the taste; he is commissioned to turn men from the worship of false gods; he fights with devils for forty days, and is assisted in the struggle by a man of middle age, whom he calls his Elder Brother. This was in 1837, but it was not, it seems, until 1843 that his visions exercised any direct influence upon his actions. In that year he found among his books the tracts which he had brought from Canton. Their contents seemed to interpret the visions of his illness, and, accepting this discovery as a miraculous confirmation of the reality of what he had seen, he at once set about making converts. In his native province of Kwan-tung he only gained two; but on reading, in his tracts, that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, he moved in the following year into the adjoining province of Kwan-si, where he shortly gathered round him a little religious congregation which, as it increased in numbers, became known as the God-worshippers.

The supposed holder of a Divine commission to "destroy demons," and to put down the worship of false gods, must have been early familiarized with the idea of a possible revolution in the Empire; but the actual transformation of the God-worshippers from a purely religious to a mixed religious and political organization did not take place till some time later. The year 1850 was one of more than common political confusion in the south of China. The country was infested with disbanded troops, demoralized by their recent defeat in the war with England, with bodies of opium-smugglers who set the revenue authorities at open defiance, and with secret societies leagued together to overthrow the reigning dynasty. To all these elements of disorder was added, in Kwan-si, a feud between two neighbouring clans—the Paulis and the Hakkas. In this the Hakkas were defeated, and in order to obtain shelter and support they joined the God-worshippers, and adopted their religious creed. This accession of numerical strength probably hastened the development of Hung-siu-tsuen's plans, while it naturally made him more formidable in the eyes of the authorities, who already viewed his followers with dislike, on account of their iconoclastic propensities. An unsuccessful attempt to arrest their leader drove the God-worshippers to take up arms. They seized and fortified a village, and presented so formidable a front to the troops sent to disperse them that the latter thought it wisest to leave them unmolested. Thus committed to open rebellion, they naturally gathered round them all the elements of disaffection in the province. During the first half of 1851 they had several skirmishes with the Imperial troops, in all of which they were victorious, and in the month of August they took the city of Yung-nan. Here the insurrection first received its permanent external form. Hung-siu-tsuen assumed the title of Tien Wang, or Heavenly King; was proclaimed Emperor of China; and nominated four of his followers as subordinate "kings," one for each quarter of the Empire. Throughout the winter Yung-nan was closely invested by the Imperialists, but on the 7th of April, 1852, the Taepings forced a passage through the besiegers, and marched northwards. City after city fell before them, and in December they captured Yoh-chow on the Yang-sze. Once launched on the great central river of China, their progress down its course was easy. The fleets of merchantmen which then crowded its waters furnished them with vessels, the great cities on its banks supplied them with money and provisions, and on the 8th of March, 1853, they sat down before Nankin. The ancient capital of the Empire held out only eleven days. It was taken on

the 19th of March, and the whole Tartar garrison, with their wives and children, 20,000 in number, put to the sword.

From the time of the taking of Nankin the tactics of the rebels underwent great changes. During their march from the south they had made no attempt to hold permanently any portion of the country. They had occupied the cities, provided themselves with all they stood in need of, enlisted the able-bodied male population as forced recruits, and then left each place in turn to be reoccupied by the Imperial troops, who followed at a safe distance in the rear. Now they decided upon concentrating their power upon the lower waters of the Yang-sze. They declared Nankin the Heavenly capital, and occupied with a strong force the neighbouring cities of Yang-chow and Chin-keang. It certainly seems that they here committed a great blunder. If they had continued their march northwards from the Yang-sze, they might have overrun the northern half of the country as easily as they had already overrun the southern; they might have taken Peking, seized the control of the whole executive power of the Empire, and thus constituted themselves the *de facto* government of China. How easily all this might have been accomplished may be judged from the fact that a small body of 6,000 or 7,000 men which the Taeping leaders did despatch to the north was able to make its way, without any serious opposition, for 1,300 miles through the very heart of the country, and winter at Tsing-hae, less than a hundred miles south of Peking. With the exception of this episode, the military history of the rebellion from 1853 to 1856 wears a very uniform aspect. The cities on the Yang-sze as far up as Hankow were regularly occupied for a longer or shorter period, and then pillaged and evacuated, to be again occupied in the following year. Within the walls of the Heavenly capital, however, there were formidable dissensions. As far back as 1848, Yang-sin-tshin, one of the first converts, had claimed to be specially inspired by the "Heavenly Father." His pretensions had been acknowledged with some reserve by Hung-siu-tsuen, and in the first organization of the rebellion he had been created Eastern King. Whether Yang-sin-tshin really entertained any design of overthrowing the Tien Wang, and putting himself at the head of the Taipings, we have no means of knowing, but he certainly turned his supposed powers to a use which could hardly have been agreeable to his superior. In an ordinary way he treated him with all proper respect, but in the trances in which he assumed to be actually possessed by the "Heavenly Father" he freely reproved the Tien Wang for his errors, public and private. On some occasions, the Eastern King paid a visit to his leader during these trances, in which case he was received with all the respect due to a present Divinity. On others, the inspired utterances were taken down by an attendant, and then, on recovering his senses, the Eastern King communicated to the Tien Wang what he, as the mouth-piece of the Heavenly Father, had been compelled to say of him. For some time the Heavenly King submitted patiently to this correction, and even conferred on his subordinate the honorary title of "Comforter;" but at length either the discipline became too severe, or Yang-sin-tshin's designs too apparent, and in 1856 the Eastern King was put to death, together with a large number of his immediate adherents. During the two following years the prospects of the Taipings considerably declined. In 1857 the country actually in their hands was reduced to a narrow strip of land on the southern bank of the Yang-sze, from Ngan-k'in to Chin-keang, and in 1858 they were compelled by want of supplies to abandon the latter city, which they had held since 1853.

Throughout the period between 1853 and 1859 the Imperial troops had been besieging Nankin; but, as the city was only invested on three sides, and the Taipings retained the command of the river, the latter had no difficulty in obtaining supplies, in sending out troops, or in receiving reinforcements. Towards the end of 1859, however, the Imperialists began to press forward the siege with greatly-increased vigour. They stationed their fleet above the town, and thereby cut off the rebels from Hankow and those other cities on the Yang-sze from which their supplies had been principally drawn. The Taipings at first endeavoured to draw off the besieging force by ravaging the maritime province of Che-kiang, and on the 19th of March, 1860, they took the outer city of Hang-chow. But the Tartar garrison, warned by the fate of their brethren in other cities, held out in the citadel until the 24th, when they were reinforced, and the rebels defeated with tremendous slaughter. The defenders of Nankin were by this time reduced to great extremities, and the Taipings, finding that these indirect attempts to raise the siege were of no avail, at length united their forces, and on the 3rd of May attacked, and, with the aid of a vigorous sortie from the garrison, completely routed the Imperialists. The whole besieging army was scattered, and so great was the terror inspired by the news of the defeat that three weeks later Soochow, the last stronghold of the Government in that district, and one of the most important cities in Central China, opened its gates to the rebels. During the remainder of 1860 both parties remained inactive, and in 1861 the balance between them was pretty evenly preserved. To the west of Nankin, the rebels were defeated with great loss near Hankow, and the town of Ngan-k'in surrendered to the Imperialists; while, to the eastward, Hang-chow and Ningpo fell into the hands of the Taipings. How long affairs would have continued in this condition if the combatants had been left to themselves, it is impossible to say. Neither of the opposing armies had any important superiority over

the other, many of the soldiers fought indifferently in the ranks of either according as the immediate prospect of plunder was greatest, and on the fall of a city it was a common thing for the besiegers and the garrison to make common cause in pillaging the inhabitants. Meanwhile, the bulk of the population in the disturbed districts sided with neither party, but waited in hopeless apathy till it should please Heaven to remove the scourge. But the utterly destructive and anarchical character of the rebellion had become so apparent that the English Government at length felt itself justified in departing from its neutral policy. Unless order could be restored, the ruin of the whole trade of China seemed inevitable, and, as the Taipings were wholly destitute of any capacity for social or political organization, such a restoration could only be effected by strengthening the hands of the Imperialists. With the course of events, from the time this determination was arrived at, we are all of us familiar. English officers were allowed to take the command of Chinese troops, and the introduction of this new element completely changed the military aspect of affairs. The history of the last two years of the rebellion is little more than the record of the unvarying successes of that disciplined force which, first under Ward and subsequently under Colonel Gordon, has gradually re-established the Imperial authority over the whole of those vast provinces which at one time seemed to be for ever estranged from it.

#### MÜLLERIANA.

A WRITER and speaker at the Social Science Association, Mr. Robert Stuart, has complained of the publicity given by newspapers in England to preliminary investigations in criminal cases. He contends that this is often opposed to the true interests of justice, and warns the press that it would exercise a sound discretion by withholding the depositions where there is a committal, or is likely to be one. And a French journalist has been much scandalized by the free comments of some English newspapers on the evidence given in the case of Mr. Briggs' murder, and by the surmises so freely hazarded on Müller's guilt or innocence. But a Scotch jurist is not likely to sympathize with what is the practical principle of the English law, and a French editor cannot be expected to give due weight to the stern necessities laid upon, or adopted by, the editors of the London penny press. The beauty of the English mode of criminal proceeding is that it gives an accused person, however palpably guilty, every possible chance of escaping punishment. A trial for murder among us is not so much an inquiry into a foul deed of bloodshedding, as a pretty legal duel, in which society thinks itself bound to furnish an accused person with every help to defeat justice. Our boast is, not to convict for every crime, but never to convict in a doubtful case. There is, of course, much to be said for our principle. But, like many other good theoretical principles, it often leads to all sorts of inconvenient results. One of these is, that there is always a strong party resolved at all hazards to make out that every accused person is, *vi termini*, either not guilty or that there is not sufficient evidence against him. The consequence is, that there is also another party equally resolved against the accused; and thus every great criminal case divides society, or at least the talkers, into two opposite factions. At the present moment there is the anti-Müllerite faction, and, on the other hand, Müller has certainly an explicit organ in the press. As Warren kept a poet, so a reputed murderer must have his penny paper. No doubt, as Mr. Stuart observes, justice is not much helped by this; but, after all, it is only the extreme and ridiculous result of the alleged duty which society owes to itself of protecting even a criminal against its own interests. And undoubtedly it is a legitimate boast of the English law that even the judge is in some sense the prisoner's advocate; but it becomes a serious question for prisoners generally whether their interests are not better left to professional advocacy and judicial protection. If Müller is an innocent man, his case has been sadly prejudiced by the volunteers who have taken up his cause in the newspapers.

It is not difficult to account for this. In the competition which goes on in the penny press, any paradox is a godsend, and the character of mind which induces writers of refinement and taste to take up Henry VIII. as a pattern shepherd of the people, or to represent Judas Iscariot as a model of Hebrew patriotism, is imitated, clumsily enough, by the professional penny-a-liner. The temptation to be profound and ingenious and novel, and to see further into a millstone than their neighbours, is irresistible to commonplace people; and to defend an unpopular or unpromising cause or man looks liberal, and gives occasion for much superfine writing. The picture of an innocent man with all the world against him, hunted by the myrmidons of the law across the Atlantic, poor, friendless, a foreigner and a stranger, serene amid severest woes, equally removed in demeanour from swagger and from unmanly impotence of mind—the just man, erect and equal against all the slings and arrows of fate, and the hisses and howlings of the crowd—is very pretty. If the thing does not exist in fact, it is something to be able to develop it from the depths of editorial consciousness. No great wonder, then, that Müller gets an advocate. And, after all, the penny newspaper but reflects the penny mind. The same sort of stuff that is written about Müller is talked about Müller. Smart young gentlemen who belong to Mutual Improvement Societies and debating clubs air the same platitudes and nonsense among themselves that they read in

their congenial newspapers. It must needs be that newspapers must reflect all forms of thought and no-thought, and, after all, justice is no more prejudiced by one-sided articles in any criminal's favour than by omnibus gabble in his favour. To do the *Morning Star* only justice, we must say that its Mülleriana are pretty reading. It shows us what an Americanized newspaper is. It lets us into the secret of the lees of journalism and the manufacture of the literary article. For literature is a manufacture—quite as much a business as making packing-cases, and requiring just as much knowledge. As gold implies pinchbeck, and as silver involves albatra and electrotype, so the *Times* necessitates the *Morning Star*. The penny press exactly meets that intelligence on which any other sort of writing would be thrown away. It is something, for example, to know the inner life and manners of a vulgar little German tailor charged with murder, and who has come to be such a distinguished character that rival photographers go to law about the copyright of his very ugly portrait. It is something to know that he is a diligent reader of *Pickwick*; much to know that he seems to prefer the study of *Good Words* to that of the *Quiver*; still more valuable to be informed that Sir Richard Mayne provides those agreeable miscellanies for the cells of the House of Detention; and we are grateful for a personal introduction to anything in heaven or earth which can present itself to the reporter of the *Morning Star* as a "psychological phenomenon," which, to that discerning student of human nature, Müller must be, if guilty. Nor are we other than thankful for the "ventilation"—is not this the word?—of the theory that a mild and stupid-looking person cannot, from the nature of things, be a murderer. This physiognomical proof, if generally accepted, would simplify criminal proceedings. The amiable homicide who only murdered half a dozen people ought to have been acquitted because he wept over a dead canary. M. Robespierre deserves to be rehabilitated because he was remarkably fond of flowers, and Nero's taste for music decidedly settles his character. Eugene Aram, as everybody knows, was a man of the quietest manner, and therefore was innocent; and the Scotch jury was unquestionably justified in not convicting a young lady with such a pretty face and pleasant address as Miss Madeleine Smith.

Some strong observations have been published upon what is called the indecency and impropriety of sending "Our Own Correspondent" to pump Müller in America. But allowances must be made. The temptation to be commissioned by Müller to address the people of England through the *Morning Star*, is only analogous to the honourable ambition of the *Record* to be the organ of a dying saint's utterances to all the people of God. As there is an organ for the religious world, so there may well be an organ for the "poor fellow," as the *Morning Star* styles its client, who is unlucky enough to have a warrant for murder against him. And, after all, in the long run, it is only Müller himself, "poor fellow!" who will have to regret his inconvenient familiarity with the New York Correspondent of the *Morning Star*. To be sure, he only told that inquisitive gentleman what he had already told Mrs. Repach—namely, that he bought Mr. Briggs' chain of a Jew pedlar at the docks for 3*l*. 15*s*.; so that the fervid telegram announcing Müller's line of defence merely told that which was already in evidence in England. But on other accounts Müller has little reason to thank the authors of this indiscreet communication—one, be it observed, which his professional advisers have been careful not to reproduce, and which it is most likely we shall hear no more about. For, without taking any partisan view of the matter, and certainly without prejudging the case, it is one of the simplest kind. There is not a particle of romance or sensationalism about it. Essentially it is a case of highway robbery, with murder almost accidentally attaching to it. If the question were one of the robbery simply, it would, as it now stands, and without that exculpatory evidence which we hope Müller's reserved defence will furnish, have been very speedily disposed of by the committing magistrate. A Mr. Briggs is robbed of his watch and chain on Saturday night, at ten o'clock; on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, one Franz Müller is found exchanging Mr. Briggs' chain at a jeweller's shop. Subsequently, Mr. Briggs' watch is found in the same Müller's possession; and a hat belonging to Mr. Briggs, or one as nearly identified as Mr. Briggs' as it is possible to identify a hat, is also found in the same Müller's possession. We lay aside anything connected with any other hat. Now, it is obvious that in this state of things there are only two matters for Müller to settle. He has to account for his time on Saturday night, and to account for his possession of Mr. Briggs' stolen property. About the hat, he says nothing; about the watch and chain, he says that he purchased them of a Jew pedlar at the docks; that is, he must have bought them either on Sunday or on Monday morning at some time before nine o'clock. Now, we should like to know how this sort of account of the possession of stolen property would be received at the Old Bailey? We say nothing about the murder, but what would be thought of it in a common case of street robbery? Of course, the alleged purchase at the docks is not impossible, *in rerum natura*. If Müller had said that he received Mr. Briggs' watch and chain neatly wrapped up in silver paper, and sent by a commissionaire, with a polite and anonymous note, and with a Teutonic inscription, "Remembrance-offering to Franz Müller, on his new-world-visiting-expedition, from his same-craft-workmen of our common-Father-Land," this account of the matter could no more be disproved than that which Müller volunteered to the *Morning Star's* correspondent—namely, that he, without a shilling, and on the eve of emigration, laid

out four pounds on what he was going to pawn in six hours for one pound. We again say, that if innocent—and we sincerely trust that, if he is innocent, his innocence will be made known—Müller will owe no gratitude to the organ which has done its best towards committing him to this remarkable but not recondit line of defence. What Müller we trust can do, and what it must certainly be his object to do, will be to establish a genuine *alibi*, and to give some other account of his possession of stolen property than that which connects it with the Jew pedlar at the docks. There is, as the coroner very aptly remarked, one piece of evidence in Müller's favour. Mr. Lees swears that he saw two persons with Mr. Briggs in the railway carriage. But Mr. Lees does not swear that he saw the carriage start with two persons besides Mr. Briggs in the carriage; and even if it could be shown that two persons assisted at the murder, this would be an odd sort of proof that any given A or Z was not one of them.

And there is just one other reflection which we are disposed to make. Sympathizing with that exuberant charity which seeks to prejudice, or at least influence, the public mind in favour of a possibly—or, if you like, probably—innocent man, we must still say that it is of the nature of charity that it thinketh no evil. When the amiable Scotch divine had a good word to say for the devil, it is not recorded that he made up for his overflowing love in hinting his doubts and suspicions about the purity of the good angels. Mr. Matthews, the cabman, to be sure, is not much of an angel; few cabmen are. But it is unfortunately necessary, in a case of murder, to fix the guilt on somebody. Mr. Briggs hardly robbed and murdered himself; so it is plain that, if Müller did not rob and murder Mr. Briggs, somebody else did. Here is a vast and ample field of conjecture open to the amateur Poes of the penny press—the tribe of Briefless who can always construct another possible account of any matter than that which is in evidence, and who are never at a loss for a view or a theory which is at once ingenious, novel, and accounts for all the facts—only, unfortunately, it has no facts of its own. It is not so much mischievous as simply silly for people to wag their heads and hint that they believe Müller has been made a tool of, and that there is a dark horse somewhere in the background. It is only impertinent to insinuate that, because a man called Mullings, who was himself a murderer, tried to fasten the guilt of his crime on one Ems, therefore Matthews the cabman may be doing the same thing with Müller; though, as both Matthews and Mullings begin with M, this view is confirmed by the great leading case of Monmouth and Macedon. But the task of whitewashing Müller compels the blacking of somebody else, and it is something worse than silly and childish and impertinent—it is simply wicked, and certainly inconsistent with general charity—openly to say, as has been said, that Matthews is either the murderer or an accomplice in the murder because he gave a pert answer to Mr. Beard at Bow Street. What is Matthews? A cabman, and cabmen are not always so well versed as they should be in the amenities of speech. Besides, just now he is, as he would perhaps say, full of beans; he has been living at rack and manger at the public expense, and is, in his way, a sort of hero. These are conditions of life strange to a cabman's experience, and as necessarily involve a certain amount of sauciness as writing in a penny paper encourages a taste for polysyllables and superfluous writing. But it is rather hard that a man should be set down for a murderer because he flings out under Mr. Beard's gentle questioning. When Greek meets Greek—that is, when cabman encounters the "prisoner's legal adviser"—we must make up our minds to a little chaff; but it is premature, to say the least of it, till some evidence is produced against him, to say that he is a murderer because he is very likely a vulgar and "bumptious" person. Very direct and conclusive evidence implicating Matthews may, for aught we know, be forthcoming, and it is promised, or threatened; but at present there is not a shred produced.

#### THE SEAWARD DEFENCES OF PORTSMOUTH.

IT is surprising that so much discussion should have been raised about the Spithead Forts. It is practicable to build those forts at a moderate expense, and when they are built they will be found useful. If any officer who has expressed an opinion against building them were to be charged with the defence of Spithead against an active and enterprising enemy, it can hardly be doubted that that officer would feel thankful that his advice had not prevailed. But a general approval of what is being done for improving the seaward defences of Portsmouth does not by any means imply concurrence in the views of those who have projected an enormous development of the landward defences along Portsdown Hill. The prevailing ideas of the importance of Portsmouth dockyard and arsenal are founded partly upon fact, and partly upon traditions which have descended from the French wars. If the mind could divest itself of memories of the past, and look only to the probabilities of the future, it would perhaps be seen that the prudent course is to reduce the establishments at Portsmouth rather than to enter upon the construction of a vast circuit of defensive works against possible besieging armies, of which the cost must be immense and the efficacy extremely questionable. But, confining our attention, for the present, to the seaward side of Portsmouth, it is astonishing that so much talk should have accompanied and impeded action for its security. Can we doubt that, if France or Russia had possessed Portsmouth, something like what is now proposed would have been already

done? and will anybody presume to say that England can afford to despise precautions which France or Russia would have deemed essential? The value of the proposed forts must be manifest to all prudent people, and the vast resources of modern engineering science render their construction, even on the most unfavourable sites, a mere question of expense. But, supposing that a fort is built where nature has afforded considerable facilities for its foundation, it may be fairly said that such a fort will not cost more than an iron-plated man-of-war, that it will be at least as useful, and will last incomparably longer. When a plan is proposed having these evident advantages, it seems strange that the House of Commons should interfere to delay the execution of it.

There is nothing humiliating in the confession that Spithead now needs defences which were unthought of in the old days to which the British navy looks back with just pride. The increased range of modern artillery renders it desirable to fight an enemy rather further from the dockyard than formerly; but, having provided for this changed condition of war, Englishmen would still say that, if an enemy chose to come to Spithead, they would be glad to see him there. Fifty years ago, our fleet would have been supported in front of Portsmouth by the batteries which line the shore; and now it would be supported, taking rather a greater offing, by the batteries which are being built upon the shoals. In either case our object would be to keep the enemy at a safe distance from our dockyard, and the line of ships which must be formed for this purpose would derive great assistance from fixed forts upon its flanks. It is true that an iron-clad ship could lie midway between the proposed forts on the Horse and Noman Shoals, and, receiving their fire at more than 1,000 yards, would be within 8,000 yards, or extreme range for rifled guns, of Portsmouth Dockyard. But it is to be observed that only the strongest and best-protected ships would be able to endure the fire of these forts at 1,000 yards, and perhaps, as the science of gun-making progresses, guns may be mounted on them capable of giving fire which no ship carrying a weight of armour limited by the condition of seaworthiness would find endurable. And, besides, although it is true that a rifled gun will throw a shell 8,000 yards with sufficient accuracy to be dangerous to a dockyard, this extreme range can only be obtained by giving to the guns an elevation which, speaking generally, is incompatible with its position on the main deck of an armoured ship, or in a cupola or turret. Guns mounted on a ship's upper deck might conveniently take the required elevation, but, being unprotected, they would run great risk of being disabled by the fire of the forts. It thus appears that it would be by no means every iron-clad ship that could effectively bombard the dockyard while enjoying immunity from the fire of the forts, but only ships specially constructed for such service, or perhaps no ships at all. On the whole, it would appear that the danger to Portsmouth from long-range shells has been rather exaggerated; but still the danger undoubtedly exists, and a good defence against it will be these forts upon the shoals.

A ship entering Spithead passes a little to the right of the light-vessel which marks the Warner Shoal, and then passes nearly midway between the buoys which mark the edges of the Horse Sand on the right, and the sand called Noman's Land on the left. This is the only deep-water channel into Spithead, for shoals extend all the way from the Horse Sand to Fort Cumberland, on the shore of Portsea Island, on the one hand, and from Noman's Land to the Isle of Wight on the other. Therefore an enemy's squadron of large ships of war, desirous to attack Portsmouth, must either pass between what we will call, for shortness, the Horse and Noman, or it must force the passage of the Needles and approach Spithead from the westward. We have nothing to say at present as to the defences of the Needles. The forts which are being built on the Horse and Noman are about 2,200 yards apart. The distance between the sites originally proposed for these forts was rather greater. Supposing that a vessel steering about north-west passes between these forts, she finds herself almost immediately at Spithead; that is to say, she is in the anchorage outside Portsmouth Harbour; for Spithead is nothing more. The Spit Sand runs out from the shore, and forms one side of the narrow and difficult channel which gives access to the harbour. The end of this spit would, perhaps, be more properly called its "tail;" but if we choose to call it "head," we get an explanation of the name of the anchorage to the south of it, which name, although it thus appears to have no special meaning, has nevertheless become very famous in British naval history. Large fleets have lain at anchor where lately the *Black Prince* was lying almost alone. Repairs were done and stores were shipped at Spithead in undisturbed tranquillity, and our forefathers would have expected to see an enemy's army in the Tower of London sooner than his fleet inside the Horse and Noman buoys. However, if an enemy should venture, in the strength of armour, to profane the sanctity of Spithead, he will find perhaps some representatives of the modern British fleet lying there; he will be getting within reach of the batteries which line the coast on either side of the entrance to the harbour; and, besides, it is proposed to erect a fort on the edge of the Spit Sand, which would interfere very considerably with his proceedings.

The Defence Commissioners proposed to build a fort on the Spit Sand, but, by a subsequent modification of their plan, the site of this fort has been moved 600 yards to the south-west. A staging has been erected on piles at this site, and boring is going on to test the possibility of getting a good foundation. Speaking generally, it may be said that a fort may be built anywhere in the

waters round Spithead if it be deemed worth while to incur the requisite expense. The circular fort at the seaward end of Portland Breakwater rests upon forty feet in height of rubble, which was tipped into the sea before the first course of cut stone was laid. By adopting similar means, it is probable that a foundation might be obtained at the most unfavourable spot which could be chosen near Spithead. But it happens that the most important sites—namely, the Horse and Noman—afford moderate facilities for the work, and it may be doubted whether any other site is so important as to justify the authorities in entering on a costly and tedious contest with natural impediments. The Commissioners proposed to build another fort on the Sturbridge Shoal, which lies to the west of Spithead, and a long time has been occupied, and a large sum of money spent, in convincing Government of what many unofficial persons knew or believed beforehand—namely, that it was impossible, by any reasonable outlay, to obtain a foundation for a fort upon this shoal. Such a fort, if it could have been built, would have been a valuable feature in the system of defence of Spithead, but there was no such necessity for its construction as to justify perseverance under enormous difficulties. The attempts to build upon this site have now been finally abandoned, and it is proposed to substitute a small fort on the Ryde Sand, about 1,200 yards to the southward of the Sturbridge Shoal. It may turn out that this site also is unfavourable, and, if so, it had better be given up before much money shall have been spent upon it. The comparison between fixed and floating defences as proper objects for national expenditure has given rise to discussions of unnecessary length. At Spithead we should desire to see a just combination of defences of both kinds; but if, at any particular point, a fort cannot be built without incurring very heavy expense for its foundation, we should say that at that point it would be wise to attempt no fort at all, but to do the best that can be done with floating batteries. The Commissioners proposed a fifth fort, which was to have been built to the north and east of the fort on the Horse Sand, midway between that fort and Portsea Island, and which was designed to prevent small vessels of an enemy from approaching Portsmouth over shallows inaccessible to his larger ships. This proposal has, however, been abandoned, probably because it was thought that other means might be found, afloat and ashore, of dealing with such small vessels as might dare to cross these shallows. One would venture to hope that the nature of warfare is not so far changed but that the British army and navy between them might contrive to deal with such insignificant assailants. Another plan was discussed by the Commissioners, but, fortunately for the national character, it was not adopted. This plan was to build a submarine barrier of stone or wood, which should greatly reduce the breadth of the channel available for navigation, even by small vessels, between the Horse Fort and Portsea Island, and should bring the part which might be left open immediately under the guns of batteries on the shore. The intermediate fort, although unnecessary, would have been endurable; but if the British navy needs the help of this proposed barrier against small vessels, neither that navy, nor Portsmouth as its head-quarters, can be considered likely to repay the cost and trouble of defence.

The contractor is now busy laying, or preparing to lay, the foundations of the forts on the Horse and Noman Sands. The same contractor is employed upon the foundations of a fort which is to be built off St. Helen's Point in the Isle of Wight, near the entrance to Brading Haven. This fort is part of the defences of the Isle of Wight, and is only connected with Spithead by the circumstance that the same contractor is engaged upon it. St. Helen's Road, which this fort overlooks, is mentioned in naval history almost as often as Spithead. If a squadron of ships had been fitted out at Portsmouth, say to reinforce a fleet blockading Brest, it would drop down from Spithead to St. Helen's, and lie there ready to take advantage of the first fair wind to carry it down the Channel. The attempt which is being made to secure the whole of the Isle of Wight against a hostile landing does not appear hopeful of producing any other result than a vast expenditure of public money. At any rate, it is satisfactory to turn from that part of the grand plan for the defence of Portsmouth, and to observe the progress of the moderate and feasible undertaking of the Spithead Forts. If the Defence Commissioners had proposed to build an advanced fort upon the Warner Shoal, so as to form, with the forts upon the Horse and Noman, a nearly equilateral triangle, of which the side would measure about 2,000 yards, it might have been thought that this was by no means the most extravagant of their recommendations. However, it will be well, at least for the present, to rest contented with executing what the Commissioners have proposed, or part of it. The method of constructing the forts upon the Horse and Noman Sands is in principle the same as has been adopted for the circular fort at the end of Portland Breakwater, but with this great practical difference—that the work at Portland is connected with its base of operation on shore by the Breakwater, whereas at Spithead all material and plant have to be conveyed to the sites of the forts by water. Mr. Leather, the contractor for the Portland Breakwater, has also contracted to lay the foundations of these forts, so that they have been undertaken by the man who can best command the requisite experience and appliances. Mr. Leather's head-quarters are at Stoke's Bay, about three miles on the western or Gosport side of Portsmouth. Here he is close to a branch of the South-Western Railway, which brings him Runcorn stone from Birkenhead. Cornish granite and Portland stone are brought by sea and landed at his wharf. Blocks of

concrete—which, to a large extent, are used instead of stone—are made rapidly on the spot, by mixing the shingle of Stoke's Bay with cement manufactured in the Isle of Wight. Those portions of the foundations on which the heaviest parts of the fort will rest are built of huge blocks of stone of one of the three kinds already mentioned; and those portions which will not be so heavily laden are built of blocks of equal size, made of concrete, or what may be called artificial stone. The invention of this concrete has greatly facilitated submarine work, inasmuch as foundations may thus to a large extent be built of any shingle that may happen to be at hand, although the same shingle, if put into the sea without the admixture of cement, would be quite useless. The blocks of concrete are moulded accurately in wooden boxes, and speedily harden so as to be hoisted on board the barges which convey them to the spot, where they are lowered down and adjusted by divers in their exact places in the foundations of the forts. The blocks of stone are dealt with in the same manner. Every block, whether of stone or concrete, has its exact position in the work designated while still in the yard at Stoke's Bay, and has marks placed upon it accordingly.

The work upon the Horse Sand is much further advanced than that upon the Noman. The site of the Horse Fort is covered by circular staging supported on screw piles. This staging has upon it huts, accommodating fifty or sixty men employed as divers and otherwise upon the work. It also carries a light by night, to warn vessels off the new island which is growing out of the Horse Sand. There is upon the staging a circular railway, upon which travels a steam crane, by means of which the blocks brought in barges under the staging are lifted from the barges and moved to the exact spot where they are to be lowered. The quantity of work to be done in preparing the ground for the reception of the blocks may vary greatly at different situations. The surface of the Horse Sand was found to be fit for this purpose with very little preparation. Upon the Noman the staging is not nearly complete, and therefore the time is not very near at hand for laying the first block of the foundation. But upon the Horse considerable progress has been made, and it is not at all improbable that the contractor will have done his part of the work before the War Department has even determined on a plan for doing its part. The form of the fort is circular, and it will doubtless carry guns all round. There has been talk of mounting either two or three tiers of casemated guns, with guns *en barbette*, and mortars upon the roof. The work has been sometimes spoken of as likely to carry 100 guns, but since it was first proposed considerable advances have been made in the manufacture of large-sized ordnance, and this is pre-eminently a place for the application of the principle that a few big guns are better than many little ones. The situation is very eligible for mounting 13-inch mortars as well as heavy guns; for vertical fire from such mortars against a ship is more accurate than might be hastily supposed, and the upper decks of ironclad ships built according to the prevailing model possess no effectual protection against shells falling from a great height. It is to be lamented that the construction of these two forts on the Horse and Noman should have been interrupted by a whim of the House of Commons, for, if the War Department turns to the best account the foundations which are being built for its use, there will be at least one portion of the defences of Portsmouth with which no reasonable person can find fault; and that, as times go, is saying a great deal. It may be true that these forts will not altogether close the entrance to Spithead; but if they command half or even a quarter of it effectually, there remains so much the less to be done by ships. It is exactly a case for the application of the proverb that half a loaf is better than no bread.

## REVIEWS.

### ANSTER'S FAUST.\*

IN the minds of many English readers the name of Dr. Anster is inseparably connected with Goethe's masterpiece. As far back as 1820, he published, in *Blackwood*, translations of parts of the *Faust*, to which many owed their first acquaintance with the poem. Those who know the original best are warmest in their admiration of portions of Dr. Anster's work, and carry many of his lines in their minds side by side with those of Goethe. Take, for example, the couplet in which is condensed a truth never sufficiently to be enforced in these days of flashy cleverness and low literary ambition:—

Was glänzt ist für den Augenblick geboren;  
Das Aechte bleibt der Nachwelt unverloren.

To say in as few English words all that is here said and suggested may be possible, but until the feat is achieved we shall remember gratefully these fine lines of Dr. Anster's, as a legitimate expansion of Goethe's thought:—

Some sparkling showy thing, got up in haste,  
Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.  
The truly great, the genuine, the sublime,  
Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,  
Unnoticed long, receives from after-time  
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward.

So, again, in the exquisite passage from the Prelude, beginning  
So gib mir auch die Zeiten wieder,

it is hard to say whether the translation or the original is entitled to the palm:—

Give me, oh! give me back the days  
When I—I too—was young,  
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour,  
New consciousness of power.  
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!  
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,  
And found a language in unbidden lays;  
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.  
Then as I wander'd free  
In every field, for me  
Its thousand flowers were blowing!  
A veil through which I did not see,  
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown,  
In every bud a mystery;  
Magic in every thing unknown:—  
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,  
And all that age has disenchanted.  
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,  
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance,  
The inextinguishable love of truth,  
While life's realities were all romance—  
Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined,  
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,  
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—  
Give me my youth again!

Years of familiarity with Goethe's text will not deaden the charm with which these and other passages impress the reader on his first meeting with them, however they may in other respects modify the estimate of Dr. Anster's translation as a whole. In passages where the essential charm lies in the beauty of the thought or the lyrical flow of the verse, it is generally excellent. But the reader of Goethe soon finds out that the finest qualities of the original, as a drama, have escaped the translator's grasp. The characters have lost their distinctive outlines. The dialogue, so characteristic in Goethe that the very turn of the phrase is almost enough to indicate the speaker—so sharp and clear, saying what has to be said in the fewest and aptest phrases, and with each word so fitly placed, that, although in rhyme, you could not displace one, without injury to the colloquial ease—has become monotonous, laboured, and void of character. Mephistopheles, Faust, Margaret, and Valentine all use one vocabulary; their phrases are all turned on the same pattern. The subtle rhythm of the original is rarely preserved, while rhyme is often wholly abandoned, or retained only at the cost of painful inversions. Dr. Anster has felt the poetic beauty of the general conception, he has even caught the inspiration of particular passages; but he has not been penetrated by the dramatic truth of the work as a whole; he has not trembled with the passion of Faust or of Margaret, or worked himself into the demonic spirit of Mephistopheles. His genius, we should infer, is essentially undramatic, and this circumstance is sufficient to account for the faults of his version. Goethe put his life into this poem, and it will never be fully rendered into our language until a translator shall arise who not only does the same, but who, besides being penetrated by the dramatic instinct, shall also be a thorough master of the metrical resources of our language. When a man with so many of the requisites for the task as Dr. Anster has not succeeded, we may almost despair of seeing any version which shall dislodge his from the foremost place it has so long held. In the volume before us we see the announcement of a new edition of the First Part, which has for some years been out of print. Let us hope that, in the interval which has elapsed since its publication in 1835, Dr. Anster has removed the more prominent blemishes from his work, and infused into it more of the conciseness and dramatic energy of the original.

It was natural that Dr. Anster should desire to complete the work he had so well begun by producing a version of the Second Part of the *Faust*. None but an enthusiast for Goethe would, however, have undertaken such a task, and even he must have been often tempted to throw down his pen in despair. To reproduce satisfactorily even a few pages of this work would be a crucial effort to the most accomplished translator. In none of Goethe's works are the marvellous beauty and finish of his style carried to a higher point. In many parts the charm lies almost exclusively in the execution. A translator may well despair of making his readers tolerant of the occasionally somewhat flimsy matter by rivalling the exquisite manner of the original, with all the odds so heavily against him in the much less plastic character of our language as compared with the German. We must, therefore, think highly of the skill and perseverance which have produced a volume so satisfactory in its general results.

Whether Goethe should or should not have left his *Faust* a fragment, closing with the death of Margaret, is one of those questions on which there always will be much controversy among his admirers. The general public, we suspect, have long since settled the point, so far as they are concerned. They are content to accept the eulogies of the Second Part of the *Faust* at second-hand, and decline to go through the fatigue of reading it for themselves, and so following the destinies of Faustus to their close. Nor is this greatly to be wondered at. The scheme of the book is one in which only highly cultivated minds, capable of understanding the endless allusions to science, mythology, and art with which it is studded, can be expected to sympathize. It was, moreover, avowedly written with a view to readers of this class; and even for them it presents many matters hard to understand, and intricate problems to solve, which hardly repay the necessary labour. Commentaries have already sprung up about it almost as voluminous as those under which the text of Dante

\* *Faustus*. The Second Part. From the German of Goethe. By John Anster, LL.D. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

has long groaned. These, according to our experience of them, have had the usual result of increasing the obscurity which they profess to explain, so that we are thrown back on the text to gather from it such meanings and suggestions as our reason and imagination can help us to. And, after all, these are quite sufficient for the enjoyment of whatever is truly valuable in the poem. Such parts of it as demand the exposition of a commentary scarcely deserve one. The moment poetry begins to deal in mysticism or problems, it ceases to be poetry. We give all such rhymed obscurities the go-by, and settle upon the flowers about whose beauty and fragrance there can be no mistake. Of these this work presents an abundance sufficient to satisfy the most exacting taste. But to enjoy it a man must bring both a cultivated taste, and an intelligent sympathy with the poetic faculty in its higher development. Those who want strong human interest must go elsewhere. They will not find it here. The whole action lies within "the limits of the sphere of dream." Even Faust and Mephistopheles are but as phantasms moving among phantasms. The workings of the fatal passion which resulted in the tragic ending of poor Margaret are but poorly compensated by the fine frenzy of Faust for the Helen of antiquity. It is his imagination, not his heart, that is on fire. Ours also kindles before the exquisite painting of the poet, which sets every figure in his drama before us as vividly as the chisel of Praxiteles or the pencil of Titian. We are grateful for the rich series of pictures which the poet has passed before our eyes, but they leave no impression on our heart like the ineradicable pang of one such stroke of pathos as Margaret's

Bin ich doch so jung, so jung!  
Und soll schon sterben!

Again, for those who seek in the Faust a solution of the great problem of life, the result at which Goethe seems to arrive is neither so startling nor so novel as to be worth all the fuss that his panegyrists have made about it. It is no more than the truth, which wise men of all ages have preached, that happiness is only to be reached through active beneficence—through the application of knowledge and power to the welfare of mankind. While Faust pored in his study over musty volumes of medicine, jurisprudence, and theology, the accumulation of such knowledge as they taught brought only bitterness of heart, and a feeling that it satisfied none of the higher aspirations of his nature. When Faust, in his old age, takes to reclaiming land from the sea, to building harbours, and making hundreds of his fellow-creatures happy, then the cravings of his heart are for the first time satisfied. The moment has come, which in his study he had not believed could ever come, when he should say to it—

Verweile doch! du bist so schön!

and be content to die. It may be satisfactory to have Goethe's assent to this view of human life; but it has been enforced more clearly and emphatically from many familiar quarters. We quite understand, therefore, although we do not share, the feeling expressed by Stieglitz, Lewes, and others, that it would have been better had the ultimate destiny of Faust been left in the uncertainty in which Goethe left it at the end of the First Part with Margaret's

Heinrich! Mir graut's vor dir,

and the cry of piteous pathos from "the Voice from within, dying away," with which the poem closes. Happily, however, for those to whom poetry is something more than a mere amusement of the fancy, or stimulant to the emotions, Goethe thought otherwise, and gave us in this book some of his finest conceptions, and, beyond all doubt, his most exquisite workmanship. One can bear much that is tedious and obscure, sometimes perhaps trivial, for the sake of such scenes as that in which Helen and Paris are evoked before the Emperor's Court, the whole of the classical Walpurgis Night, and the Intermezzo of Helena. The dream of ideal beauty which, since Homer's time, has been associated with the name of Helen, has given rise to many a fine passage in poetry, of which none perhaps is more vividly remembered than the splendid apostrophe of Marlowe's Faust to "the face that launch'd a thousand ships." But Goethe was too deeply penetrated by the idea of that

Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair,

to be content with disposing so lightly as Marlowe did of her relation to Faust as he found it in the old legend. Helen is to the second part of *Faust* what Margaret was to the first—the centre upon which its interest turns; and upon this creation Goethe put forth all his powers. The passionate worship of beauty in and for itself kindles the verse wherever Helen appears or is referred to, as the passion of Pygmalion gave life to the marble he had chiselled into form. The conception of the Helena, as wrought out here, was manifestly in Goethe's mind when he wrote the First Part; for it is clearly a vision of her supreme beauty, and not of Margaret, as the ordinary stage misrepresentations of the *Faust* would have us believe, that is presented to Faust in the magic mirror of the Witches' Kitchen, when he exclaims:—

What form divine is this, that seems to live  
Within the magic glass before mine eyes?  
Oh, love, to me thy swiftest pinion give,  
And waft me to the region where she lies!

A woman's form, beyond expression fair!  
Can woman be so fair? Or must I deem  
In this recumbent form I see reveal'd  
The quintessence of all the heavens can yield?  
On earth can aught be found of beauty so supreme?

All may not agree in admiration of the machinery by which this vision is made a reality, and Helena is brought back from the shades to become the bride of Faustus for a time. But no one can question the admirable skill with which Goethe, by a series of subtle touches, fills the imagination with the full rich beauty, the stately grace, and the resistless charm of her who "brought calamity where'er she came." Fragmentary and unsatisfactory in many respects the poem undoubtedly is, but in all that bears upon this part of it the matured strength of a great artist is everywhere apparent, combined with a freshness and force little less than wonderful, looking to the time of life at which it was written.

The Intermezzo of Helena has been for many years well-known among us through the fine analysis and vigorous translation of Mr. Carlyle. But it is essential to its full appreciation that we should know all that precedes and leads up to it. Of this Dr. Anster's work will enable English readers to form a pretty accurate estimate; nor is it of little moment that the concluding portions of the drama, more especially its magnificent close, should now be accessible in appropriate English verse. It is not by English readers only that the careful work of so conscientious a scholar and translator as Dr. Anster will be welcomed. For there are few in this country, any more than in Germany, so conversant with the original, or so capable of mastering its difficulties, as to be independent of the aids which are afforded, not only by his translation, but also by his admirable analysis of the poem, and his most valuable notes. Those who are most familiar with the original will thank him for helping them over many a difficulty, and into a fuller enjoyment of many a favourite passage. If he has not succeeded, in this any more than in his translation of the First Part, in reflecting thoroughly the subtler qualities of his author's style, he is entitled to a larger measure of allowance, for undoubtedly the difficulties of his task were infinitely greater. We must regret that he has not imposed upon himself, as a first condition, the reproduction of the rhythm of the original, wherever this was at all possible. Had he done so, he would probably have been cured perforce of a tendency to expansion, by which the effect of many passages is greatly marred, while he would have given to us many strains of rhythmical music to which Goethe's thoughts were set, and without which they lose half their charm. Here, too, as in his translation of the First Part, Dr. Anster is apt to forget that it is a drama, and not a didactic poem, he is dealing with, and to admit turns of phrase which a genuine dramatic instinct would have led him to avoid. The first lines of his translation will serve to illustrate our meaning. The opening scene discovers Faustus "lying on a flowery grass plot, weary, restless, trying to sleep," surrounded by elves, who are thus addressed by Ariel in song:—

Wenn der Blüten Frühlings-Regen  
Ueber alle schwebend sinkt,  
Wenn der Felder grüner Segen  
Allen Erdgebornen blinkt,  
Kleiner Elfen Geistergrüsse  
Eilet wo sie helfen kann,  
Ob er heilig? oder böse?  
Jammert sie der Unglücksman.

Had Dr. Anster felt strongly by whom and to whom this is spoken, he could scarcely have satisfied himself with the following translation:—

In the Spring, soft showers of blossoms  
Sink down over all the earth;  
And the green fields, a wide blessing,  
Smile for all of mortal birth,  
And the generous little fairies  
Haste to help whom help they may.  
Is he good? or is he evil?  
What know they, or what care they?  
He is man—he is unhappy?  
And they help whom help they may.

Every one must feel how much is lost here by a needless deviation from the text. The passage is meant to symbolize the healing influence of nature in the first freshness of spring upon the minds of all in sorrow, whether that sorrow is due to their own misdeeds or not. The spirits addressed are the spirits of the Spring; and Ariel, before calling their attention to Faust, where he lies heart-broken for the loss of Margaret, reminds them of their special function to bring consolation to all that are in trouble, "when the spring-rain of blossoms is falling softly everywhere, when the blessing of the green fields is brightening for all earth's children." But, by altering the form of the passage, Ariel's invocation is converted into a very prosaic proposition, not improved by the introduction of the line, which we have marked in italics, for which there is no warrant in the text or in poetic probability. For why should Ariel's spirits be assumed to be indifferent to good or evil, because the sight of misery impels them to relieve it? It is just those who most love the good and the pure, who feel most keenly for human suffering, without reference to the merits or demerits of the sufferer.

Dr. Anster is more successful in dealing with Ariel's speech when "an exceedingly loud noise announces sunrise," at whose approach he and his attendant spirits, "who follow darkness like a dream," disappear:—

Hearken! hark! the storm of sunrise—  
Sounding but to spirits' ears—  
As The Hours fling wide the portals  
Of the East, and Day appears.  
How the rock-gates, as the chariot  
Of the sun bursts through, rebound!

*Roll of drum, and wrath of trumpet,  
Crashing, clashing, flashing round;  
Unimaginable splendour—  
Unimaginable sound!  
Light is come—and in the tumult  
Sight is deadened—hearing drowned!*

This is all good with the exception of the line in italics, which is a bad substitute for Goethe's "*Es trommetet, es posaunet*." "*Wrath of trumpet*" is in the worst style of the Darwin school of poetry, and "*es trommetet*" does not mean "roll of drum," "*trommeten*" being an old form of the German word "*trompeten*," and meant by Goethe, we should say, to indicate the clear ring of the clarion, in contrast to the sonorous peal of the "*posaune*." Surely the music which heralded the sun was what Leigh Hunt calls "a princely music unbedinn'd with drums."

It is, as we have said, much to be regretted that Dr. Anster has so often abandoned the measure of the original, even when the genius of our language did not force this upon him. Take, for example, such a passage as this, in which the verse seems to bound with the exultation of the speaker, and the profuse grandeur of the element which inspires him:—

*Alles ist aus dem Wasser entsprungen!  
Alles wird durch das Wasser erhalten!  
Ocean, gönne uns dein ewiges Walten.  
Wenn du nicht Wolken sendetest,  
Nicht reiche Büche spendetest,  
Bin und her nicht Flüsse wendetest,  
Die Ströme nicht vollendetest,  
Was wären Gebirge, was Ebne und Welt?  
Du bist's der das frischeste Leben erhält.*

How little of the charm of these lines is to be found in the torpid flow of the translation!—

*In water all hath had its primal source;  
And water still keeps all things in their course.  
Ocean, still round us let thy billows proud  
Roll in their strength—still send up mist and cloud.  
If the rich rivers thou didst cease to spread,  
If floods no more were from thy bounty fed,  
And the thin brooklet died in its dry bed,  
Where then were mountains—valleys? Where would be  
The world itself? Oh! thou dost still, great sea,  
Sustain alone the fresh life of all things.*

Dr. Anster has in this, as in many other passages, been punished for not adhering to the form and matter of his author, by dropping down to that prosaic level which is intolerable alike to gods and men. But over a work of such vast difficulty the most determined energy must occasionally falter; and, while we are far from saying that Dr. Anster's volume is all that can be desired, we can heartily recommend it to all who wish to form a clear opinion as to the nature and general merits of a work on which the great German's heart and brain were more or less engaged for the last thirty years of his life.

#### TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 1864.\*

(Second Notice.)

OF the four papers contained in this volume we have already spoken of Mr. Serjeant Manning's essay on "the Possessive Augment"—that is, as we still venture to think, the English genitive. Among the others, the most generally attractive, though not the most profound, in its subject is Dr. Barnes' *Dorsetshire Grammar and Glossary*, with a prefatory Essay on what he calls the "History, Outspreading, and Bearings of South-Western English." Like a great many other things which we come across, it makes us regret the little intercourse which English antiquaries, after all, have with one another. Discoveries, theories, arguments, are hidden in the Transactions of this or that Society, and those who are not members of the Society never see them. Here is Dr. Barnes, working at the same materials as Dr. Guest, and coming to conclusions which do not materially differ from those of Dr. Guest, but he clearly has not read Dr. Guest's papers. He mentions him only once, in quoting some casual remarks of another speaker after one of Dr. Guest's lectures before the Archaeological Institute. Dr. Barnes is glad of a single fact brought forward thus incidentally in confirmation of Dr. Guest's views, but he seems to have drawn nothing directly from Dr. Guest himself. Indeed, if he happens not to be a member of the Archaeological Institute, he has no means of doing so, as he doubtless knows better than to trust to newspaper reports of Dr. Guest or of anybody else. If Dr. Barnes had read Dr. Guest's exposition of the wars of Ceawlin, he could hardly have wholly passed by his explanation of the *Féanleag* of the Chronicle. He adheres, without remark, to the old interpretation which makes it *Frætherne*, or, as he writes it, *Freethorn*, in Gloucestershire. Dr. Guest's view, which carries Ceawlin a long way north-west, even as far as *Uriconium*, and which places *Féanleag* a long way indeed from *Frætherne*, is one which no one who has seen it could pass by without notice. Many scholars have at once accepted it; those who do not accept it are doing their best to fight against it. There are many reasons which incontestably support Dr. Guest—one which is perhaps almost enough by itself. Dr. Guest's view at once explains, what otherwise seems an inexplicable puzzle, why the Welsh of Wales call the English Saxons. Why the northern Celts do so has to be explained by a reference to the still earlier times when their coasts

*Maduerant Saxone fuso,*

backed by Mr. Isaac Taylor's theory, if he can make it out, of a Saxon settlement in the extreme north beyond the Angles. According to Dr. Guest, though the Welsh of Wales had in later times most to do with the Angles of Mercia, yet the first Teutons whom they came across were actually Saxons, the West-Saxons of Ceawlin. This at once solves this great difficulty as well as several smaller ones.

According to Dr. Barnes, Dorsetshire became English before any part of Somersetshire—namely, after the victory of Cynric at Searoburh or Salisbury, in 552, while Ceawlin did not take Gloucester, Bath, and Cirencester, and extend the West-Saxon frontier to the Axe, till 577. This last date seems to be fully accepted by Dr. Barnes. And he apparently, though his language is not very clear, accepts the frontier of the Parret as fixed by Cenwealh's victory in 658 "*æt Peonnum*," "*juxta montem qui dicitur Pene*." Now the battle of Pen is like "the last battle of Caractacus." The Silurian hero was defeated hard by an "*arduns mons*," and divers "*ardui montes*" in that part of Britain are crowned with camps known locally as "*Caer Caradoc*." There were many Caradocs, and the great Caradoc may well have given his name to more camps than one. But every one who lives on the march and has near him an "*arduns mons*," especially if it be crowned with a *Caer Caradoc*, naturally maintains that his *Caer Caradoc* only is the genuine site of the last battle. So, as is natural in a region where the local names are still largely Celtic, many hills in Somersetshire bear the name of Pen or Ben, which is simply Celtic for "head." More than one of these may put forth its claims to be looked on as the true site of Cenwealh's victory. The one most commonly accepted is Pen Selwood, on the borders of Wilts and Somerset, where we have not only the "*arduns mons*," but something analogous to the *Caer Caradoc*—a place namely which locally bears the strange name of "*Kenny Wilkins Castle*," "*Kenny Wilkins*," beyond all doubt, being a corruption of *Cenwealh*. But there are two other hills called Pen or Ben in the neighbourhood of Wells, and their admirers have also something to say for them. The battle of Bradford in 652 won the long strip of Wiltshire which the Welsh still retained; a battle on the Axe frontier, winning the country between the Axe and the Parret, follows naturally as the next stage. Moreover, at the foot of one of the Wells Pens is a large mound known as *Battlebury*; and though the first half of the name cannot be as old as *Cenwealh*'s time, the thing itself may be. Dr. Barnes, as becomes a Dorsetshire man, has yet another Pen, which would bring the scene of the victory near to the borders of his own county. This is "*Penn-Hill*," or *Pen Domer*, four or five miles east of the river Parret, which runs down between it and *Crewkerne*. Which of the many "*montes qui dicuntur Pene*" is to pass for the true *Peonnas* of the Chronicle is mainly a matter of local interest; the important point, on which all seem to agree, is that *Cenwealh*'s victory secured the possession of the country between the Axe and the Parret, and that the Parret long remained a border stream. A border stream indeed it still remains, it being, as Dr. Barnes shows at some length, the boundary of two distinct dialects, the Eastern Somersetshire dialect approaching to that of Wilts and Dorset—perhaps we might add Gloucester—while the Western Somersetshire dialect approaches to that of Devon. This is just what we should expect, and we may safely set down the Eastern speech as the true West-Saxon or "South-Western English dialect"; but the question at once arises, Whence comes the Devon dialect, the speech west of Parret? Dr. Barnes was at one time inclined to recognise a considerable Celtic element in his own Dorset dialect—a view which he has since given up, and we think rightly. Dorsetshire was conquered much too early for any important Welsh element to remain there. Very little quarter was given by our forefathers in 552, and the unconquered Welsh territory to the west was open for fugitives to fly to. A few women, a few slaves, may have been saved, but not enough seriously to affect the speech of the conquerors. But beyond the Parret—perhaps we might say beyond the Axe—the state of things was quite different. That region was won, not by heathens who destroyed everything before them, but by Christian conquerors who were satisfied with political subjection. The laws of Ine recognise the existence of the Welshman, and place him under the protection of the law. And beside the increasing civilization of the English, the constant lessening of the Welsh territory made it less and less easy for the vanquished to find a place of refuge. Thus, from the Parret to the Land's End we have a country which has been gradually Teutonized, the English element, no doubt, getting weaker and the Welsh element stronger, at every step we take westward. Exeter was half Welsh as late as the time of *Æthelstan*, and Cornwall, as we all know, has finally lost its Celtic speech only in quite modern times. There is therefore no opportunity for any important Celtic element in the Dorset dialect, while there is every opportunity for a large Celtic element in the Devon dialect. Will Dr. Barnes, or some other local philologist, look carefully into this matter?

Dr. Barnes gives some curious instances of the way in which grammatical distinctions which have been lost in the literary English still linger in these local dialects. Some of them seem very philosophical indeed:—

Whereas Dorset men are laughed at for what is taken as their misuse of pronouns, yet the pronouns of true Dorset are fitted to one of the finest outplannings of speech that I have found.

In Dorset speech, things are offmarked into two classes:—

1. Full shapen things, or things to which the Almighty or man has given a shape for an end; as a tree, or a tool; and such things may be called the *Personal Class*; as they have the pronouns that belong to man.

\* *Transactions of the Philological Society, 1864.* London and Berlin: A. Asher & Co.

2. Unshapen quantities of stuff, or stuff not shapen up into a form fitted to an end; as water or dust; and the class of such things may be called the Impersonal Class, and have other pronouns than those of the personal class.

The personal pronoun of the personal class is *he*, the objective form of which is *en*, the worn form of the Saxon-English *he-ene, hine, hin, en*

S-E. He araerde *hine* up.  
D. He reared *en* up.  
S-E. Peter axode *hine*. (Mark c. 15).  
D. Peter axed *en*.

ééh saekt *en*, awer ééh faand *en* nēt.  
D. I sought *en* but I wound *en* not.

The personal pronoun for the impersonal class is *it*. We say of a tree "he's a-cut down," "John vell'd *en*," but of water we should say "It's a-dried up."

Again, the demonstrative pronouns for the personal class are *theise* (*hic*) and *this* (*ille, is*), and for the impersonal class we have *this* (*hoc*) and *that* (*illud, id*), so that we have four demonstrative pronouns against the English two. We should say

"Come under *theise* tree by *this* water."  
"Teake up *this* dowt in *theise* barrow."  
"Goo under *this* tree, an' zit on *that* grass."  
"Teake *this* pick, an' bring a little o' *that* hay."

If a woman had a piece of cloth she might say "This cloth is wide enough vor *theise* tebble;" since, as long as it is unshapen into a table-cloth, it is impersonal; but as soon as she may have made it up into a table-cloth, it belongs to the personal class; and then we should say of it:—

*Theise* or *this* cloth do belong to  
*theise* or *this* tebble.

If a right-speaking Dorset man was to say "*theise* stwone" I should understand he meant a whole shapen stone, whereas "*this* stwone" would mean a lot of broken stone.

Of a brick bat he would say "Teiske *en* up,"  
Of a lot of brick-rubbish, "Teiske *it* up."  
"This ground" would mean a field, but  
"That ground" a piece of ground.

Here is another instance which, to our taste, is better still:—

When a pronoun in an oblique case is emphatical, it is given in its nominative shape instead of its objective case. We should say, unemphatically, "Gi'e me the pick," or "Gi'e *en* the knife," or "Gi'e us the wheat," or "Gi'e *em* their money;" but emphatically, "Gi'e the money to *I*, not *he*;" or "to *we*," not "to *they*." This is an analogous substitution to that of the emphatical dative case for the nominative in French; as "*Je n'irai pas, moi*;" "I shall not go."

This usage is certainly not distinctive of Dorsetshire, but we suspect that it is distinctively West-Saxon, which is enough for Dr. Barnes' purpose.

The sign of the past participle, originally *ge*, as in German, and then *y* or *i*, as *yclept* and the like, is preserved in Dorset in the form of *a*. "He've *alost* his hatchet." This form however must have a tendency to get confounded with another, "He's *a-making* of it," and the like—the old gerund or verbal noun, properly "on making." Dr. Barnes gives some very fine strong forms of the aorist, as *crope* and *scrope*; we beg to add another, namely *shroke* from *shrick*.

From Dr. Barnes' Dorset Dialect to Mr. Stokes' Cornish Mystery the transition is not very violent; both at least may be made to come in at different points as illustrations of the same long history. As a monument of the Cornish language, the Creation of the World appeals only to the small class of Celtic scholars, but, in the form in which Mr. Stokes has given it, it may claim a wider interest. It is a specimen of one of those religious dramas of interminable length, the acting of which took several days, and which are said to have been performed in vast out-door theatres, the remains of which are to be seen by the curious among the other antiquities of Cornwall. The exhibition must have been of essentially the same kind as the miracle-play in Tyrol which attracted several English visitors some years back. Modern English taste would see nothing but profanity in dramatic representations in which the holiest personages of our faith are freely introduced speaking and acting. But it is certain that nothing was further absent than profanity from the minds either of Tyrolese or of Cornishmen. A play of this kind is intended, if not strictly as an act of devotion, at any rate as a means of edification, much as Handel hoped people would be the better for his "Sacred Oratorio." The present mystery includes more than it promises—namely, not only the Creation of the World, but the whole history, scriptural and legendary, from the Fall of Lucifer to the Flood. The stage directions are in English. Here is the description of War in Heaven:—

Let them fight w<sup>th</sup> swordis and in the end Lucyfer voydeth & goeth downe to hell apaered fowle w<sup>th</sup> fyre about hem turning to hell and every degre of devylis of lether & spyrtyis on cordis runing into y<sup>e</sup> playne and so remayne ther, 9 angels after Lucyfer goeth to hell.

Everything, the Creation, the making of Woman, the Fall, the murder of Abel, the deaths of Adam and Cain, the latter by the hand of Lamech, the translation of Enoch, the preaching of Noah, all come in. The naming of the animals by Adam has some curious touches:—

GOD THE FATHER.

Adam, behold the fishes,  
Birds in air and beasts,  
Likewise in land and sea.  
Give to them their names:  
They will come to thy command,  
But do not abash (?) them in any way.

ADAM.

I name thee Cow, and Bull:  
All the cattle separately (?)  
Their names let them take.

Horse and Mare and Ass,  
Dog and Cat and Mouse,  
Divers Birds and Serpents.

I give names to the Fishes,  
Brems (?) Garnets and Eels,  
I will reckon them all distinctly.

In the stage directions we have—

A fyne serpent made w<sup>th</sup> a virgin face and yolowe heare upon her head, and

Let the serpent apere and also gees and hennes.

Mr. Stokes says in his Preface:—

Passing from the language to the subject matter we may remark that the author imitates and often copies the *ordinals* called "Origo Mundi," which stands first in Mr. Norris's *Cornish Drama*. Some parts, however, are his own; for example, the fall of Lucifer and his angels, Cain's death, Enoch's translation, Seth's prophecy and erection of the pillars. Who the author was remains uncertain. The William Jordan mentioned at the end may well have been only the transcriber, and the occurrence in the stage-directions of such forms as *sortis, beastis, garmentis, every ch-on* "every one" and *car[i]eth* "they carry" seems to indicate a date prior to 1611, when Jordan completed his manuscript. The author's mention of limbo, too, may tend to show that the play was composed before the Reformation.

There can, we think, be little doubt, either philological or theological, that the play is of earlier date than 1611. The reasons given by Mr. Stokes may easily be supported by others. The following passages could hardly have been written since the Reformation. After the murder of Cain, Adam says—

Therefore after this  
Chastely we shall live together,  
And carnal joy in this world  
We will together deny (us),  
By the wish of the Father of Mercy,

but God forbids the resolve—

Adam, thou shalt not thus  
Live in that same order.  
Thy seed will increase  
Without number to count:  
Thus it is appointed.

Thou shalt have a son born  
Of thy body surely—do not doubt—  
He shall be like to thee,  
Man cannot be liker,  
And by me he shall be loved.

And again, Seth is admitted to a view of Paradise and, as the stage direction says—

Ther he vyseth all thingis. and seeth ij trees and in the one tree, syttheth marye the virgyn & in her lappe her son jesus in the tope of the tree of lyf, and in the other tree y<sup>e</sup> serpent w<sup>th</sup> caused Eva to eat the appell.

And Seth himself says—

I see a goodly tree,  
And its top full high above—  
Even to heaven it is growing.  
And its roots to the ground below  
Are a-running full loyally,  
Even to hell, a pit full strong.  
And there my brother Cain,  
I see him in great pain,  
And in trouble, so that there is woe to him.  
And in (the) top of the same tree  
I see a sweet maiden,  
A-sitting very certainly,  
And in her bosom a fair child,  
As seemeth to me so.

These passages do not directly contradict any Protestant dogma, but they are much more in the natural vein of an ante-Reformation poet. The whole diction too of the stage directions is earlier than 1611.

Dr. Barnes and Mr. Stokes have left us hardly any space for Mr. Francis Newman and the Iguvine Tables. We have only room to say that, if Mr. Newman's interpretation be correct, their whole interest is philological, unless there be any class of students specially given to the antiquities of old Italian worship. Political information there is none; it is even tantalizing to see headings about the "Amphictionic Sacrifice," and the office of the "Dictator," without their giving us the least scraps of knowledge as to the constitution of the Umbrian League.

#### TEN DAYS IN A FRENCH PARSONAGE.\*

*PUNCH*'s pet Frenchman, who walks up and down Fleet Street meditating on the glory of France, has met with his match. Mr. Musgrave walks up and down the world only to find new reasons for rejoicing in the John-Bull and Rule-Britannia creed, of which he is almost a fossil hierophant. Uncomplimentary critics call this sort of thing spread-eagle-ism. It is certainly rather silly, and has been mischievous enough in its time, but it is now a very harmless evil at most; perhaps we are even becoming too cosmopolitan, and want a little make-weight on the other side. Any one who is in danger of getting continentalized should study Mr. Musgrave. In one respect, indeed, he considerably outshines his prototype. It never occurred to the Frenchman to press the passing drayman or baker's-boy into the

\* *Ten Days in a French Parsonage, in the Summer of 1863.* By George Musgrave, M.A., M.R.I., Author of "By-roads and Battle-fields," "A Pilgrimage into Dauphiné," "Rambles in Normandy," "The Parson, Pen, and Pencil," "Viator Verax on Continental Excursions," &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

service, and make him "assist" at the mental glorification of *La Belle France*. But Mr. Musgrave imports his Frenchman, trots him up and down London, from the dingy purlieus of the Borough, and the substantial if not very æsthetic lions of the City—Newgate, Smithfield, the Charter House, the Mansion House, &c.—to the "West End" of Cockneydom, Soho Square and Regent Street. Then, not to dazzle the eyes of his friend with too much splendour at once, he takes him down into the country, gives him a mild course of school-feasts and archery-meetings, and brings him up to town again for the grand *coup de théâtre*—the Clubs, "Mr. Holford's palatial residence," the Marble Arch, the Great Western Station, "Paddington with its fourteen squares," Westbourne Terrace, "the three hundred and fifty or sixty houses of which represent nearly a million and a half of yearly income," and finally Belgravia, where the climax of arithmetical magnificence is attained, and "that sum may be multiplied by three."

The *cicerone* is most fortunate in his victim. The French abbé comes ready primed for a royal salute of Anglomania. In the course of two or three hours' journey on the South-Eastern Railway he has discovered "cities, cathedrals, castles, fortresses, palaces, parks ('absolute domains'), rivers, valleys, orchards, gardens ('et les houblons!' the hops), all the triumphs of agriculture and architecture in one journey." Every-day travellers on that line will be a good deal puzzled if they try to verify this catalogue in pretty but prosaic Kent. Once in London, the visitor's heroics are superb. The Parks—"why the Bois de Boulogne is a child's play-ground in comparison. What wealth, what style, what easy and elegant independence! and such healthy complexions and superb costumes! what elegant, handsome young men were promenading alongside—young milords!" At the Botanical Gardens, "the stature of our women struck him most forcibly, and the peculiar clearness of their complexion. Compared with the French, their tallness seemed *héroïque*, it was *magnifique*." Greenwich was "the palatial home of the old sailors, each of whom he supposed had looked forward to its shelter and comfort while contending in the battle and the storm"—a sort of forecastle peerage and Westminster Abbey all in one. It was lucky that difficulties of language saved him from hearing the *de facto* commentaries of the inhabitants of this naval Paradise. The Clubs—"dumbfound" the Abbé. The Bedfordshire chawbacons are a sort of bucolic princes compared with his own unhappy little *propriétaires*. When the company at an archery luncheon rise to say grace—"C'est étonnant! c'est charmant! quelle nation! Je ferai rapport de cela à mon Evêque;" and the description of a "200*l.* a-year rented house," from its "handsome porch of entry" down to the "tastefully designed scrapers," is simply beyond quotation.

Fox wondered whether anybody ever really was as wise as Thulow looked, and we cannot help wondering whether any foreigner was ever as placidly silly as the (we hope) imaginary Frenchman of Mr. Musgrave's book. But there is a sort of simplicity of diction about the Continental English of all this that makes one almost think that the *Doyen Curé* of Varennes is real flesh and blood after all. Perhaps the speeches have been a little coloured, just as enthusiastic young barristers report their first argument in Court to the family circle, or enthusiastic young curates relate improvised speeches of ideal old women in impossible parishes; they fully believe it all happened, though happily nothing so absurd ever actually came to pass. Our Anglomanic author in like manner has perhaps idealized the Frenchman; but we fancy there really is, somewhere in Argonne, the simple-minded man who has been made to stand godfather to all this mass of patriotic bounce. It should hardly have been reproduced, however. The English taste is scarcely, as yet, so Americanized as to take kindly to this crapulous over-feasting of self-laudation. After all this very ideal talk, we confess that we began to doubt whether the book was not a novel, or a small Gulliver, and whether Mr. Musgrave himself was not more or less a mythical person. In truth, there are a good many elements of the unhistorical about him. He is a clergyman, but with no known cure. He was once curate of Marylebone, but remembers nothing about it except the livery of the charity children. He is lord of a manor; but the heroes of comedy are lords of any amount of *châteaux en Espagne*. He is brother (see Dedication) to a justice of the peace; but this is only in keeping with the Rule-Britannia rôle throughout. Veracious Mr. Crockford comes to our aid, or we should have put him down for a *nom de plume*. As it is, we take him simply to be a genial country gentleman, an *emeritus pastor*, who has a weakness for easy travel and mild talk, a good old Tory of the pleasantest type, and an excellent judge of claret and other harmless liquors.

If we are mistaken, our author must put it down to his own huge practical mistake in the first 200 pages of his book. When he emerges out of England and insular self-sufficiency, he is a plain-spoken, sensible, intelligent man, with an eye for minute observation, and a faculty for exact and graphic description, which are not often met with. Had the book been limited to one volume, and had the reverend author stuck to his text and confined himself to an account of his "ten days in a French parsonage," without the wild panegyrics of the Frenchman in England, and the dreary excursions about the capture of Louis XVI. at Varennes (a story which Mr. Musgrave unaccountably supposes to be something entirely unknown to the untravelled public), it would have been among the most readable of the travel-books we have lately met with. The forest of Argonne is almost an untrodden land to

tourists; and of the domestic economy of a French parsonage most of us have scarcely as accurate an idea as we have of a Maori pah. The chief points of interest in the district are excellently given, and the clerical *ménage* is set before us with the fidelity of a Dutch painter's interior. And very satisfactory it is. We are to fancy "a roomy, well-proportioned, stone-built, square dwelling-house, with two prolific green-gage trees in the court, and an apricot trellised against its east wall; a *parloir* and dining-room, each 19 feet by 17, and 12 high; the former with a handsome *parquet* floor, and furnished with statuettes, tazzas, and very fine engravings; the latter with a rather splendid service of plate, and a clock of wonderful vocal powers; bed-rooms with eider-down feathers in vast silk cases, and a couple of studies (it would be profane to call them *boudoirs*) attached to each; capital kitchens, and a noble wine-cellar," with "five barrels, containing fifty-four gallons each, of Burgundy wine; three of Bordeaux; besides bins of champagne from Moët, and certain tiers of Chablais and white and red Verdun vintages." All this, with corresponding gardens, &c., makes as comfortable a picture of clerical felicity as one can desire. The host, it is true, possesses some 200*l.* a year in addition to the government pay of the ordinary parish priest (5*l.* per annum), and this income, in a very cheap country, is tolerable enough. We can imagine the half-admiring, half-envious eyes with which many an English rector will read the record of Curé Gand's cheap magnificence. The ordinary lot, however, of the parish priest is hard. Meat once a week is about as much as he can afford, and lucky is the *vicaire*, or curate, who is domiciled with a *curé* like that of Varennes. But he is separated from the world at the age of twelve or fourteen, passes ten years or more at the *Petit Séminaire* and *Grand Séminaire* in succession; then becomes sub-deacon, deacon, priest, and, as English people would compassionately say, "has never known any better." His course through life, moreover, is not at all sure to run smoothly. Accidents will happen, even to a youth so entirely broken in as the French *vicaire*, and, however our English junior clergy may grumble at their lot, we seriously doubt whether they would like, on the whole, to exchange their independence for a *régime* of which the following is a sample. A young priest has been guilty of some act of insubordination, and has just returned from his "penance" among the Trappists at Mortagne:—

The penitent had been having, as we say, a good wash. From head to foot he had been scrubbing, and soaping, and dry-rubbing, and shaving, and, as if he deemed cleanliness to be next to godliness, he was brushing down his cassock and polishing his silver shoe-buckles up to the moment of hearing my host's cordial salutation, "Eh bien! Christophe! Comment va-t-il?" He was a tall young man of rather florid complexion, gaunt, bony, and of what we call wiry construction, with very hollow cheeks, and poor-looking hair, and wearing an expression of fatigue, weariness, and care. He had just been summoned to Verdun by the Bishop, to be inducted to a benefice. The Bishop seemed intent, he said, on setting him to work with all speed, and on facilitating all the necessary arrangements, all which implied great benevolence; "but," said he, "what could induce him to send me into that Bastille, that horrible den?" Why the austerities of those Trappists were ten times more intolerable than the sharpest penance at the Grande Chartreuse. *Figurez-vous donc!* we were compelled to litter like wild beasts, one hundred and fifty of us, in one long dormitory, bedded on straw. We were forbidden to wear any night-dress. We lay in our lairs *in puris*, or rather *in impuris, naturalibus*; and, what was worse, we were debarred any water to wash our bodies. For four days I ate black bread only; the diet was so coarse and repulsive that I dreaded the sight even of our provisions. We were summoned, I know not how often, but always annoyingly, to masses, and early and late chapel attendance, and then sent into solitude for meditation. . . . I really know not what was most detestable, the physical or the moral sufferings in that beastly barrack!

It did not seem to strike the Dean of Varennes at all in the same light; two months of this regimen could not hurt him, and would probably do him good for life:—

"He is well out of it," said he. It was competent for the Bishop to have detained him *dans cette galère* for a much longer period. Gossuet of Rheims would have confined him in that den, as he calls it, for half a year.

Mr. Musgrave supposes that "these sentences, imposing bitter mortification of the flesh and spirit, work well. Dearth, dirt, and deprivations, heat and nakedness, silence and *ennui*, and gnashing of the uncleaned teeth in solitude, are sharp torments, and would soon convert any contumacious divine into" the desired docility. Possibly Mr. Musgrave is not entirely in earnest. We entirely doubt his desire to be "converted" by any such means into anything whatever. And we confess small faith in the effectiveness of such an apparatus for producing anything but over-grown babies, spiritual and other. Still, our author assures us, after an experience of France extending through more than one generation, that the system is fairly successful. Perhaps bystanders may explain the fact by the reflection that the spiritual and temporal babyhood of French religion and French politics are made to fit pretty accurately into each other. Anyhow, we do not wonder at the exclusively feminine direction that the Dean's sermons take; at the surprise with which he hears of anything so robust (or, as he thinks it, so semi-heathenish) as a clergyman's visiting his people, instead of waiting at home, or in the confessional, while they visit him; and at his scarcely expecting to meet the *men* of his flock, except at dinner, or in church on fête-days.

A very considerable part of Mr. Musgrave's book is devoted to an account of his visits to schools, both the public *Lycées* and the Convent *pensionnats*; and though his reports are little more than casual jottings-down compared with Mr. Arnold's elaborate recension of the system, they contain a good many bits of shrewd observation and quiet practical hints which "the grand style" now and then

overlooks. We must refer to the volumes themselves for particulars, with the promise that they will be found unusually interesting. We extract an excellent story (English, however, not French) which conveys a lesson that is not attended to so well as it might be:—

Word-of-mouth instruction demands great care and judgment. Grave and earnest catechists have every reason for using great plainness of speech and for avoiding phraseology which, if it be sanctimonious and non-natural to the young sense, may defeat its own end in creating misapprehension of a most undesirable character. A staunch educationist related to me, not long since, a circumstance quite in point. He was present in a Sunday-school where a clergyman, having called up a class of girls and boys, began with one of the former in these words—"My dear child, tell me who made your vile body?" We well know, of course, what he expected the girl to say in reply, but we should not have dreamed of her immediate answer. She had not any conception of the question applying to anything beyond her actual appearance, and, dropping a quick curtsy, replied, "Please, Sir, mother made the body, but I made the skirt."

A capital story, but in such a wordy setting that we are not quite clear whether the proprietor sees the whole force of his own joke. When Mr. Musgrave is didactic, he totters on the verge of twaddle; but when he forgets the teacher in native *bonhomie*, he twinkles a shrewd apophthegm out of the corner of his eye that makes you marvel at the contrast. We wish, however, when he writes again, that he would discard the philosopher, or Solomon-in-gaiters, or whatever it is that sits so frownsly upon him, and give us the genial English gentleman with a pair of very open eyes and an epigrammatic tongue of very considerable force, without the leading-strings that he thinks it decorous to impose upon himself. He has a capacity for minute observation which we have not often seen equalled, and this is very high praise.

#### SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE AND NORTHERN LIBERTY.\*

EUROPEAN observers have long wondered at the sanguine hopes and eager credulity of the Americans of the Northern States—wondered to see the teachings of common sense and the warnings of experience alike set at nought, and expectations confidently entertained of which results seem to unexcited spectators simply impossible. Our Transatlantic cousins have appeared to believe that the course of human nature would run in new channels in the Western hemisphere; that amity and good-will might be enforced at the point of the bayonet, and a Union resting on the voluntary co-operation of a multitude of independent democracies re-established by the victory of some over the rest. They have apparently thought that such a conquest as the greatest military Empires have never ventured to attempt might be achieved by the least warlike of Republics, and that, such conquest accomplished, it would leave behind it none of that rankling animosity, that incurable bitterness of feeling, which has in all other cases resulted, not only from the subjugation, but even from the humiliation, of a proud and high-spirited people. And they have so firmly cherished these ideas themselves as to accuse of ill-will, injustice, and obstinate prejudice those to whom such hopes appeared altogether chimerical. They have resented as a wanton insult, a proof of unscrupulous malevolence, the tendency of Englishmen to judge the prospects of America by the past experience of Europe, to believe that what has been is likely again to be, and that the invariable course of political events is not likely to be, for the first time, reversed in the issue of the present struggle between North and South. The Americans and their critics have utterly failed to understand each other. We have set down as evidence of simple political insanity their confident expectation of results at variance alike with historical experience and with the tendencies of human nature. We have reckoned it mere madness to believe that the South, with its enormous area, its impassable forests, its determined population, could be thoroughly subdued by any invader, or that the subjugation of the South could be otherwise than fatal to the existence of a Union of which local self-government and popular sovereignty are the fundamental principles. The Americans have been so confident in the destiny of the Union that they have been incapable of understanding an honest and impartial disbelief in its renewal. They have been so confident in their own wisdom, power, and patriotism, that they have treated the idea of a permanent overthrow of their liberties by the encroachments of that temporary despotism which the war has created as the wild and empty dream of impotent malevolence. We, knowing history better than we know America, have perhaps been too reliant on the lessons of experience. They, comparatively ignorant of any history but their own, have been blind to dangers which, however old in the experience of mankind, are so new and unforeseen as to seem incredible to them.

An American criticism of the popular American view, which has just been published in anticipation of the election of a President, may have some value for the North, and has much interest for Englishmen. It is natural that, while the dominant faction is blinded by the pleasure of domination to the peril of enslavement, the party which has for the last three years been trodden under the heel of despotism should be keenly alive to the critical situation of their country, gradually becoming accustomed to the autocracy of a Chief Magistrate, and striving for an end which seems likely to perpetuate the tyranny by protracting indefinitely the necessity by which it is excused. *The Future* is an appeal,

\* *The Future*. A Political Essay. By Montgomery H. Throop. New York: J. G. Gregory. 1864.

by a moderate member of the old Unionist or Conservative party, so strangely known as Democratic, to the common sense of the North against the policy at present avowed and acted on by the President and his supporters; and it embodies in clear and forcible language, and enforces by arguments adapted to the American stand-point, the view which from the first has been entertained by those in this country whose prejudices have not bound them too closely to either side in the quarrel. The author accepts the current belief of his countrymen that they will conquer the South; that, after no matter what sacrifices, after a slaughter of which it is not necessary to calculate the amount, the Confederate armies will be annihilated, the Confederate Government crushed, and the seceded States prostrate at the mercy of the North. What, he asks, can you do with them? How can you reconstruct the Union, with eleven members enjoying all the privileges and rights of independence, who hate it from the bottom of their hearts, as men must hate it who are treated in its name as you are treating the Southerners? Or, if you deprive these States of their liberties, and hold them in subjection, either avowedly as Territories, or virtually by disfranchising the mass of their citizens, how can you hope to retain your own liberties? These questions are pressed home with great clearness of thought and vigour of reasoning in a series of well-considered arguments, and they can hardly fail to impress any thoughtful reader, whatever his politics, with grave doubts as to the effect of victory upon the domestic liberties of the North.

Looking back upon the history of the war, we learn at once how it is that a people naturally so shrewd and so well-trained in politics by the habitual exercise of power as those of the Northern States should have come to entertain expectations and to prosecute objects which to us savour almost of political delirium. Had they entertained these views and entered on the pursuit of these objects while in possession of their sober senses, we might feel that their aims could hardly be so irrational as they appear to us. But the fact is that, while they retained their senses, they repudiated such aims as strongly as we condemn them. When the war began, no one in the North dreamed of conquering the Southern people, and bringing them, after a long and desperate war—after horrible wrongs inflicted and endured, after the perpetration of crimes that could never be forgiven, and the enactment of horrors never to be forgotten—back to the bosom of the Union. In his address to the nations of Europe, Mr. Seward vehemently disclaimed any such intention. He instructed his diplomatic agents to point out that the idea of subjugation was inconsistent with the very principle of a Federal Union, and to assure the Courts to which they were accredited that the Federal Government had no notion of attempting that preposterous enormity. The North went to war to emancipate from military despotism the majority of the Southern people, who were assumed to be Unionists at heart, and only intimidated by the violence of the slaveholding aristocracy whose bidding they had been accustomed to obey. True, this notion was completely unsound. There was no Union party in the South, no military despotism, and the "slaveholding aristocracy" were the most reluctant of Secessionists. But the North, which had so long believed in "mean whites" and the other figments of Abolitionist tale-writers—which talked, like Professor Cairnes, of 345,000 slaveholders in a population of 8,000,000, forgetting that these 345,000 with their families constituted nearly one-fourth of the Southern people—which, in a word, derived its knowledge of Southern society from Mr. Phillips and Mrs. Stowe, and knew no more of it than was known at Exeter Hall—might not irrationally believe in these things; and believing them, it acted consistently in going to war. Perhaps, if McDowell had conquered at Bull's Run, if President Davis had been driven from Richmond, if Charleston had fallen a prey to the stratagem which was defeated by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the new Confederacy might have been dissolved by these disasters, coming ere yet it was well consolidated, and the States, one by one, might have slunk back into the Union. According, then, to the belief of the North—a belief not in itself irrational—the intention with which the war was commenced was reasonable and feasible enough. It was either to liberate Union feeling in the South, or at worst to coerce the seceding States by a sharp demonstration of their helplessness. Then they were to come back in full possession of their rights, and all was to go on as heretofore, except that Southern conceit would have received a wholesome lesson. This was the original idea; and if not a wise, it was certainly not an insane one.

Before the North had been thoroughly cured of the delusions which fostered this view, its passions had been so envenomed by defeat and bloodshed that it was blind to consequences, and prepared to welcome new measures and fiercer proposals. It became at last apparent to all that there was no Union party in the South. "The flower, physical and intellectual, of the people everywhere retired before the Federal advance." The invading army met with nothing but hatred and opposition; the Confederate army came to embrace nearly the whole population of military age. The Republicans were asked how they meant to govern the South, if they should conquer it; and by this time they were prepared with answers from which, at the beginning of the war, they would have shrunk. Amid much ferocious talk of extermination, confiscation, negro domination, and so forth, two plans were plainly and intelligibly stated, which Mr. Throop discusses at great length. Both are utterly lawless and unconstitutional, involving the abrogation of rights

which the States are incapable of forfeiting, and the usurpation of powers which never belonged to or were conferred on Congress. Both imply the prosecution, to a considerable extent, of the merciless policy announced and hitherto carried out by the President wherever his power has reached—the seizure of rebel property, the forcible emancipation of slaves, the execution or exile of the military or political leaders of the South. These things accomplished, Mr. Sumner proposes to treat the conquered States as Territories (or, in European phrase, provinces), to be governed by authorities appointed by the Federal Executive, to be unrepresented in Congress, and to be subject in every respect to the absolute pleasure of the central Government. Mr. Lincoln proposes to leave them the form and full privileges of States, but to keep them in subjection by excluding from all participation in the Government the bulk of their inhabitants by means of oaths prospective and retrospective, and by allowing a number of persons, equal to one-tenth of the voters registered in 1860, to reconstruct a State Government in connexion with the Union; such artificial State to return the same number of representatives, Senators, and Presidential Electors as the real one would be entitled to send. So far as the Southern States are concerned, there is not much to choose between the two schemes. Either would require the presence of an overwhelming military force, and an administration partaking rather of martial rigour than of civil order, to compel obedience, whether to a Federal Governor or to a usurping and detested minority. The army required to garrison and patrol the enormous area of the South, and maintain the authority of the Federal Government throughout the Union, is estimated by Mr. Throop at not less than 300,000 men; and the total expenditure of the United States under such a system, with the prospective debt as calculated by Mr. Chase himself, at \$4,000,000 sterling annually. Nor does either estimate appear excessive.

If it were conceivable that such an army could be kept on foot and such an expenditure endured for the purpose of keeping the South in subjection, is it conceivable that the North could do this and yet retain her own liberties? If the plan of Mr. Lincoln were adopted, our author argues, the Executive would wield such a power in Congress as would be fatal to its independence. The members from the Southern States would depend on him for their very existence; the army would be their sole protection, and their votes would of necessity be at the disposal of the Commander-in-chief. With such a handle of control over the Legislature, the President would be at once absolute under constitutional forms. But even if Congress, foreseeing this danger, should prefer Mr. Sumner's plan, and place the government of the South, as a subject Territory, in the hands of the Executive, is it to be supposed that a Government which disposed at its pleasure of an enormous army and a country as large as Europe would, in the North, submit to be confined within the narrow bounds prescribed by the Constitution? Would the President, with a quarter of a million of bayonets at his command, the absolute ruler over three-fifths of the area of the Union, submit to be thwarted, checked, and overruled by a popular assembly in the remainder? Would it be consistent with the subjection of the South that a Northern Opposition should be free to scrutinize, censure, and condemn the conduct of the Government, fixing attention—as it certainly would—upon the administration of Southern affairs, and dragging to light every doubtful act and every tyrannical measure? Is it not plain that the President would use his power to silence opposition in the one section as well as to crush resistance in the other; that he would plead necessity in excuse of his tyranny, as he does now; and that the dominant faction, which now identifies the Opposition with the public enemy, and dismisses Democratic officers as "supporters of the rebel cause in their (Northern) States," for voting with their party, would stand by him in all his encroachments, until his power had become far too firmly established to be shaken by any effort of which a people already demoralized by submission to illegal usurpation would be capable? In process of conquering the South, Northern liberty has been suspended; speech, the press, elections have been alike fettered at the discretion of the Executive. The subjugation of the South would not terminate this suspension; but, perpetuating the necessity of obedience, it would perpetuate the usurpation of authority.

By such reasoning as this, Mr. Throop endeavours to show that "the Future" prepared by the Republican policy is a future of despotism, on both sides of the Potomac; that the establishment of arbitrary rule in the South must be fatal to the liberties of the North; and that the species of reconstruction aimed at by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner, in making the South a Poland, must inflict on her conquerors an autocracy like that of Russia. We have always held this view; and we think that no man not blinded by fanaticism can fail to be convinced by the cogent and temperate arguments adduced to prove that one and the same Government, ruling over two nations of the same race and language, divided only by a geographical line, cannot govern one with despotic power by military force and the other in constitutional deference to the popular will, with free license of discussion, criticism, and opposition. We might have thought that argument was not needed on such a theme, but Mr. Throop's countrymen have shown that they stand much in need of such efforts as his to bring the truth home to their practical comprehension.

Unfortunately, his own positive advice is hardly less unwise than the policy which he has so carefully exposed and confuted. He is able to discern the perils of an attempt to subjugate the South as clearly as the Republicans discerned it in

1861; but he clings to the fond belief, which they have since then discarded, that a nation resolved to be independent can be forced back into union and harmony by the experience of defeat and disaster, provided a sufficiently wide entrance is left open for its penitent return. He would persist in the war, for the purpose of compelling the Southern States to resume their position in the Union, seriously believing that this is possible—that forgiveness of the past and confidence for the future can be established between those who have fought each other for the last three years with fiercer hatred than ever before animated hostile nations. This is the weak point in the programme of his party. They profess a policy the accomplishment of which does not lie within their reach. Conquest by force—the creed of the Republicans—is not, in the nature of things, impossible; reconciliation by force—the dream of the Democrats—is beyond their power. While the two parties occupy this position, the Republicans are naturally masters of the field. If, indeed, the South should offer to return to the Union on terms, the Democrats would have an intelligible policy to lay before the nation. But at present the South refuses to come back on any terms whatsoever; and while she does so, the only choice lies between crushing her and letting her go. Those who, like Mr. Throop, insist on a middle way which does not exist, stultify themselves; and the effect of their arguments against the violent policy of the Republicans is neutralized by the single observation that the success of their own proposal depends not on themselves but on the enemy.

#### EPICOSMOLOGY.\*

THE first impression produced by the title of Dr. Doherty's book upon the minds of the lovers of literary novelties will probably be that of felicitation that a new science has been born into the world. The next feeling will, more probably still, be one of perplexity as to what can possibly be the meaning of the mysterious and high-sounding name of the new science. In the author's own mind there is, we may be sure, no manner of doubt that he has enriched the world by the discovery of a new and unexampled mine of philosophy. And it is very possible that he piques himself, at the close of his exposition, upon having given to the public an entirely lucid and satisfactory definition of the object, the scope, and the results of the infant science which he has invented. A mind, however, less enthusiastically constituted for the reception of great and sensational announcements in philosophy, besides lacking the fond impulse of pride so natural to the consciousness of paternity, will not be so eager to recognise the title of the new claimant to a distinctive place in the circle of the sciences—still less to bow down to it with the deference clearly anticipated by the author as to the supreme and architectonic among all the powers of philosophy. Intellects of a still more torpid or sceptical order will be apt to rise from the perusal of Dr. Doherty's lucubrations with the cynical impression that there is little new in his great discovery beyond the title, and that what is intelligible in the book has been said better before, that what is puzzling and vague owes its quality less to the depth or pregnancy of the ideas involved than to the cumbrousness of the language made use of to embody them. The writer is obviously of that class who believe that, when they have invented a novel formula, or a more recondite name, they have given birth to a new idea or system of ideas, and that they have only to start a fresh classification of known facts, or shuffle the nomenclature of any science into newer and more arbitrary combinations, in order to rank with the great masters of discovery, and hand down their invention among the leading contributions to the sum of human knowledge. The present age has been fertile in attempts to group together in one comprehensive formula whatever relates to the philosophic study of humanity, or to determine "man's true place in nature." The science so constituted has, by this or that writer, been defined and designated as that of Biology, Anthropology, the "Natural History of Man," or "The Science of Life," according as the analysis of the subject has led to one or other idea being fixed upon as the central point of the inquiry. But, in substance, the conception is the same. In selecting the title of *Organic Philosophy* for the definition of his system, Dr. Doherty may have apprehended himself to be taking loftier ground than his predecessors, and to be sweeping the horizon of knowledge with a glass of higher penetrating power. He is certainly not backward in declaring his conviction of the superior range and depth of his observations, and the greater lucidity and force of his formulas. Such an advertisement, however, is far from being borne out by the result. With only the first volume of the work before us, we should not perhaps be justified in pronouncing the whole of his speculations to be futile. But viewing the present instalment as a complete exposition of one special portion of the subject, we have not much to say for the value of the new philosophical currency offered us in the language of Epicosmology. Of the word itself we may be tempted to exclaim with Strepsiades—

Ἦ ἢ τοῦ ζήτηματος ὡς ἰσὺν καὶ σιμὸν καὶ τετραπῆδες.

When we are told, as a specific axiom of the new philosophical creed, that "Organic or Taxonomic Biology is the root of organic philosophy," we are not conscious of having been put in a position to see more strongly or clearly than when we submitted our con-

\* *Organic Philosophy, or Man's True Place in Nature.* Vol. I. Epicosmology. By Hugh Doherty, M.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1864.

victions to the more received metaphysical rule, which, in the inverse order of statement, laid down organic philosophy as a basis for the more specific superstructure of biology. It seems to be Dr. Doherty's aim to depreciate the latter science, at least in its usual acceptance, when he proceeds to say that "we must define what we mean by these terms, in contradistinction from unsystematic biology." By the word "unsystematic" he explains, "we mean simply analytical, as compared with the synthetical view of biological science." Yet why we are to assume a less amount of system or method to reside in the analytical than in the synthetical form of biological study, or in what way a perfect synthesis of our knowledge upon the facts of life is to be built up, in the absence of a concomitant and even antecedent analysis, we want something more than the doctor's arbitrary assertion to make intelligible to us. How much, moreover, of gain in sense, over and above sound, may accrue to the particular science of life from being raised to a "taxonomic" order in the scale of method, is scarcely more easy to determine. Dr. Doherty is, in point of style, a writer after Dr. Johnson's own heart. He must have sat at the feet of that Oxford Professor who, preaching against the arts and snares of table-turning, could condescend to no more direct or vulgar forms of speech than "the mysterious circumvolutions of domestic furniture." The world must reappear as a "cosmic orb," and this is again to be distinguished from the "epicosmic realms." Another highly important part in the science of epicosmology belongs to the doctrine of "harmonic fractions in the animal economy." We have need of being enlightened concerning the nature and offices of these harmonic fractions:—

To give the general reader an idea of what is understood by the words "harmonic fractions," as applied to the division of the human body into systems and series, we may state that, as vulgar fractions denote any kind of fractions in the parts of an integer in mathematics, while harmonic fractions denote only such numerical divisions of vibrations in a musical scale as are musical, so in the carving or dissecting of a fowl, or any other animal body, vulgar fractions denote such divisions as are most convenient for serving the guests at table, while harmonic fractions denote such dissections only as separate the organs which have special and distinct functions. In carving a fowl, you separate a wing, for instance, and in that you find portions of skin, muscle, bone, and nerve, not to mention bloodvessels and connective tissues. In dissecting a bird for scientific purposes, you do not cut it up in vulgar fractions, but you carefully separate the whole skin from the muscles, these again from the bones, the nerves from all the other organs, and so of every set of organs in the body. By this method we find seven systems and five senses in the integral organism, neither more nor less; just as we find seven diatonic notes and five intermediate notes in the complete musical scale. Hitherto the human body has been dissected by anatomists without a due regard to this natural law of number in harmonic fractions; and although the vascular system was the only one in which the natural unity had been neglected, this oversight caused its three divisions to be added to the other six, and thus the number nine instead of seven appeared to be the primary number of distinct systems in the animal economy.

We are here introduced at once to what is a central and integral portion of the writer's theory. "Harmonic numbers and notation"—in other words, a Pythagorean system of classification and arrangement, on a certain scale of figures—may be traced, he considers, through all "realms," from the abstract science of music, through all the descending types of the animal organism, down to the ultimate depths of inorganic matter. "The want of knowledge on this point has caused geologists to carve their organic realms of nature on a plan of arbitrary vulgar fractions, in lieu of natural harmonic sections." A great deal of ingenuity is displayed in forcing this fanciful hypothesis upon the different "realms" of philosophy, and fitting the facts of organic and inorganic nature to this single Procrustean formula. In the present volume the analysis is limited mostly to the laws of "organic order and number," those of weight and measure being left for more elaborate consideration in other volumes. We are, however, left somewhat in the dark as to whether the general title of the present volume is meant to include the latter no less than the former class of phenomena as specific portions of Epicosmology, or whether the new science confines its operations to the more abstract and formal elements of knowledge to the exclusion of such as involve direct relations to matter, like measure and weight. Something more should assuredly have been done to put the common intellect in the way of coping on more intelligible terms with the great discovery. "Epicosmic science," it is candidly confessed, "as a unitary definition of organic law and order in the world, does not exist at present; the very name is unfamiliar." For this ignorance a twofold reason suggests itself to the writer. First, "there seems to be a want of confidence in looking at so high an order of generalization." Next, there exists a "want of method to grapple with the subject." Now, however, that Dr. Doherty brings to it the necessary degree of "confidence" required for the solution, and proclaims himself to have discovered the only true and satisfactory method, we might feel sanguine of a philosophical success which has been hitherto denied to our fragmentary and tentative attempts. It is, therefore, with some misgiving that we find the new method to be based, from the beginning, upon a revival of the lately discredited system of final causes. The tide of experimental reasoning since the time of Bacon must be made to flow once more backwards. "Without a teleological conception to give life and purpose to creation, the natural sciences, built up in fragments by inductive method, have no real meaning for the human mind, which looks upon their various results and disconnected aims as a child might look upon the scattered wheels and levers of a watch or a chronometer, and wonder why they had been made, or whether they belonged to one

or many systems of machinery." There is force in this comparison; yet that force is weakened by the consideration that, in making it, the mind is not really putting itself in the position of a child who has never seen a watch put together and in working order, but in that of a man who well knows what a watch is, what it is intended to do, and what is the design and use of its several parts. It is our absolute ignorance of what is, in fact, the great and ruling purpose of the universe which makes this kind of reasoning *a priori* so unphilosophical and so fallacious. Still less are we justified in proceeding on the assumption that "a careful study of some one part of the creation may lead to the discovery of laws which rule in other parts," so that "man himself affords us an example of a complex universe of organs," which may be arranged in order "on the very same principle as that which regulates the natural order and arrangement of the phenomena in a larger universe; and thus the plan of epicosmic unity may be revealed to us in human nature." The argument from analogy calls for at least as cautious treatment in the hands of the philosopher as that from design. Yet with such instruments it is that we are invited to build up from its first elements the fabric of a new and more comprehensive temple of the universe. We are to obtain "an outline of epicosmic unity from a deductive point of view, according to the laws of natural organic method, as displayed in human nature."

The great law under which we are to trace the unity of the entire *epicosmos* is, as we have already indicated, one of pure number. The old distinction of "three kingdoms, with their sub-kingdoms," may henceforward be set aside. Taking Cuvier's four great plans of animal organism in zoology, with the two main types of Linnaeus in vegetable life, we arrive at six distinct realms in epicosmic nature—namely, *vertebrata*, *articulata*, *mollusca*, *radiata*, *phanerogamia*, and *cryptogamia*. In the cosmic or inorganic portion of our globe there are similarly to be traced six corresponding realms. These are the "atmospheric, oceanic, geospheric, pluvial, reliquial, and elemental." The number twelve is thus made out to be a natural primary division of the realms of our globe, as also of the human body, "representing fulness and completeness in the one as in the other." The "teleological parallel" between the twelve systems of organs in the microcosmic universe of the body and the dozen realms of the epicosmic universe "is not," we are told, "perhaps self-evident." But it is the main object of the book to illustrate this parallelism or correlation. Thus, the skin, the muscles, the bones, and the nerves, added to the three "systems"—the vascular, digestive, and generative—and supplemented by the five senses, make up the mystical twelve, in exact correspondence with the number of the "cosmic realms." We seem to be carried back here to the mystic kind of arithmetical device wherewith the fathers and schoolmen loved to make serious sport with the figures and symbols of the Bible. Nor does the theory of parallelism terminate thus. We are further taught to distinguish a second or subordinate analogy between each individual "realm" and the whole cosmic or epicosmic world. Under each separate realm are to be traced one superior class and three secondary classes or groups. Among the *vertebrata*, for instance, we find one main or principal class, the viviparous, and three oviparous, which "almost entirely" coincide with fishes, reptiles, and birds. Unluckily the coincidence is not quite exact, but we must not mind a few exceptions. "Some of the oviparous types being ovoviviparous does not make them placental or mammalian." In the realm of *mollusca*, De Blainville is sufficient authority for the fact that cephaloporous molluscs form only one main class, in contrast with three inferior classes of acephalous or headless molluscs. In the articulate realm, *crustacea* and *arachnida* are somewhat arbitrarily forced together into "one main class," leaving "other so-called classes" to settle themselves down into some kind of subordinate distinctions, "insects alone forming one natural and complete class in the usual arrangements." The distribution of *radiata* into "one main class of vermiform echinoderms, and three secondary classes of radiata or zoophytes," is "not in accordance with the usual arrangement." But Dr. Doherty is able once more to battle for his pet theory behind the shield of De Blainville.

We need not pursue the writer's ingenious fancy through the remaining realms of organic life. He is harder put to it when he has to leave the province of epicosmic order for that of the inorganic or material realms. His task reminds us of that of the Oxford lecturer who, impressing upon his class the mystical doctrine that the sign of the Cross could be traced in every object in nature, was dumbfounded when asked by a simple freshman to point the figure out in an oyster. In the atmosphere we have readily the primary distinction between the zoic and the azoic strata. But have we not, again, a triple subdivision of the latter or secondary class? Yes, certainly, for are there not "the upper, the middle, and the lower"? And we have only to look to the respective "uses" of these in order to see that this hypothesis of constituent differences is not "barren of result." These uses "relate most probably to different kinds of action in the relative dynamic powers of heat and light, magnetism and electricity." But "as little is yet known of these phenomena," somewhat of a gap is left in the proof of the hypothesis. In the pluvial realm we may at once concede the priority in point of utility to the *aguapluvial* class of phenomena, refreshing showers and purling brooks, "superior in relation to the uses of organic life." Very far below this came the *gaseopluvial*, including such noxious things as ammonia, marsh effluvia, and carbonic acid gas, only useful

to the life of plants; while the microscopic fungi, insect excrements, and other falls of the *pluvio-pluvial* kind, are of not much good to anybody or anything, and the *meteoropluvial*, or that of lithic, metallic, and other "meteorites," have no effect apparently assigned to them at all. The oceanic—we beg Dr. Doherty's pardon, the *thalatmospheric* realm—includes, like the air, a stratum favourable to life, with other depths at which life cannot be sustained. We may easily make out three divisions of azoic strata by counting, first, subterranean waters "analogous to the hypogene classes of rock formation," whatever these latter may be; secondly, the lowest depths of the open ocean; and if a third class is wanted, "what shall we say of the polar frozen strata of the sea?" The test of utility settles this point, for "the frozen constitution and peculiar uses of the polar ice are sufficiently distinct and manifest." The climax of this imaginative kind of reasoning is reached in disposing of the *geospheric* realm. Geologists have generally recognised four distinct classes of rock formation—namely, the aqueous, the metamorphic, the plutonic, and the volcanic. Substituting an analysis of his own, as more methodical, Dr. Doherty dismisses the aqueous deposits to what he styles separately the "reliquial realm." Of the rest, those which are in a constant state of active or volcanic operation being on a par with the primary class of other realms, the inert two remaining—the metamorphic and plutonic—must put up with a secondary place. But a third inferior kind of rocks is required to form a parallel to the triple distribution of the second class in epicosmic and the other cosmic realms. For these, we are sent all the way to the "peculiar magnetic rocks near the poles of the two hemispheres." The polarity of electric currents is once more to be explained in the new philosophy by the attraction of vast masses of "magnetic Polar rocks."

There seems to be a cycle in scientific ideas as in the phenomena of earth and sky, and, if we may believe certain philosophers, in the events of human history. By the new light of epicosmology we are brought round once more to the earliest dawns of physical truth. Nay more, we come again to that point in the orbit at which science and romance cross and blend with each other. It is curious to go back, in our ideas of terrestrial magnetism, from Arago and Gauss to the experiences of Sindbad the Sailor. Perhaps epicosmological science may explain the detention of Sir John Franklin's ships by the affinity of their nails and anchors for the "magnetic Polar rocks." There is much in Dr. Doherty's volume which shows an earnest and inquiring mind. But the scope given to the imagination is too great, and the logical control over the reasoning is too weak, to qualify him at present for the functions of a calm and trustworthy expositor of science.

#### ATHERSTONE PRIORY.\*

THIS is a novel of the quiet homely order, and both in conception and execution shows considerable family likeness to the works of Miss Yonge. In saying this, we by no means intend to imply that the authoress is a blind copyist of that very popular writer. She describes the same sort of scenes, and elaborates the same sort of conversations; but the "goody" element which it evidently costs Miss Yonge a constant struggle to repress, and which every now and then peeps forth in her pages, is hardly at all noticeable in the work before us. A lady novelist who has the self-control to abstain from attempting to improve the occasion, and leaves her story to preach its own moral, proves that she is possessed of one important qualification for her task. This book shows other merits also. Its pathos is quiet and unexaggerated, and the death of the heroine by consumption may quite challenge comparison with the touching end of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. It is creditable to the authoress that, with a decided talent for pathetic writing, she has employed it sparingly, limiting herself to one death and a dangerous illness. Indeed the tone of these volumes is decidedly healthy, and quite free from mawkish sentimentalism. In point of style, they are above the average. We have noticed no grammatical errors, with the exception of a tendency to make the adverb do duty not only for itself, but for the noun and verb also, which is, after all, rather an affectation than an error. A much more serious defect is the length to which the story is allowed to run. Why the authoress stops where she does, it would puzzle her most intelligent reader to explain. There is nothing to indicate that she has reached her journey's end. In the full swing of family chronicles of the second generation, she suddenly lets the drag fall, and dismounts, as it were, at a half-way house.

If one were asked to point out where the domestic novel of the present day, of which *Atherstone Priory* is a good specimen, falls short of that inimitable series of the same class bequeathed to us by Miss Austen, one might say that, besides lacking her abounding humour and harmonious arrangement, it reveals too much of the internal consciousness of the writer. It is too subjective a picture of life, too redolent of the prejudices and enthusiasms of the author. As you go through it, you find yourself constantly saying, "What a feminine notion, or what a girlish remark!" and as this department of literature is almost entirely in the hands of clever ladies, you are not far wrong. The most mischievous effect of this mode of treatment is that it tends to destroy all originality.

The writer falls back on certain types of character and stock incidents which haunt the imagination of the class to which she belongs. This tendency to rely on familiar preconceptions of character is apparent in *Atherstone Priory*. The note of girlishness pervades it throughout. The story opens with a good example of what we mean. A Crimean officer rejoicing in the romantic name of Percy, and the hero of all sorts of gallant deeds in India, but "plain, very plain," and middle-aged, with "that something very hard and determined about the expression of his mouth which gave the idea that he was a dangerous person to offend," comes on sick leave to stay with his father. Is not this a perfect picture of the sort of volcano in repose whom sweet seventeen proverbially finds so fascinating in romance, and who, from the time of Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester, has been the idol of every female novelist? Lisa Kennedy is an untidy but bewitching little cousin who is an inmate of Dr. Tennent's house, and upon this wilful little beauty the Crimean Rarey proceeds to try his hand. She begins by a fit of dislike, laughs at his shortsightedness, burns his sketches, quizzes and plagues, and then falls head-over-heels in love with him. Is not this little "airy fairy Lillian" sort of personage the received correlative to the hero with a stern mouth and thin compressed lips, and can any one conversant with fictions of the gushing school doubt for a moment how that transparent fit of preliminary dislike will end? The gradual development of the love affair is depicted with skill and delicacy; but just as the characters of the lovers are unmistakably feminine conceptions, so they are made at every stage of their not over-smooth courtship, and subsequently of their married life, to speak and act and feel in a manner that would only suggest itself to a sensitive and impulsive woman. There is the same impress of female authorship on the subordinate characters. Mrs. Tennent is an embodiment of the qualities which a girl of the slipshod-genius order thinks most intolerable. She is always rating her niece about her torn frocks and dirty hands, and twitting her with her dependent state, or future destiny as a governess. Then, too, she is so mundane as to care about her furniture; and when Lisa, in an awkward attempt to give an impertinent admirer the go-by, accidentally upsets a candle, and wraps herself and the drawing-room in flames, Mrs. Tennent laments the injury to the curtains quite as much as those which her niece had sustained. Arthur Darrell is just the ideal collegian that may be presumed to exist in the imagination of "the young lady in pink" who attends for the first time an Oxford Commemoration—full of chaff, and cleverness, and rather fatiguingly smart in his remarks. An unaccountable change comes over him in the second volume; but the period of moral deterioration passes, and we leave him ultimately installed in the Rectory of St. Jude, an active clergyman of the genial school. There remain two Miss Tennents to be noticed as personifying the abstract qualities which girlhood most dislikes and adores. Who does not know that popular creation of our lady-novelists—a being, generally of the female sex, who has sick headaches, the result of an early disappointment in love, and lies a great deal on the sofa, in which attitude she manages to exercise a gentle and beneficent influence over the whole family circle? Mary Tennent is the representative of this centre of quiet sympathy in *Atherstone Priory*. She has suffered from the hopeless attachment, but is free from the sick headaches. Isabella is the exact contrary of her half-sister. She is a very superior, but at the same time a very disagreeable, young person, always pitilessly snubbing Lisa, whom she cannot forgive for attracting the middle-aged Crimean hero's regards. Indeed, for a lover of high art (her room looked like a little museum), she carries her jealousy of her cousin to an extent that appears almost strained and unnatural. The catastrophe which her misconduct precipitated belongs rather to melodrama than a novel intended for family reading.

One superiority the sensation novel possesses over the domestic—that it is almost invariably better pieced together, and constitutes a more symmetrical whole. The attention which Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins bestow upon their plot, the logical sequence of their narrative, the gradation of small incidents by which they ascend to one great central incident on which all depends and to which all points, are merits which compensate to a great extent for the extravagance and occasional repulsiveness of their writings. The clever ladies who sit down to describe home life, its joys, its interests, and its vexations, would do well to copy this feature of the rival school of novelists. When they have taken stock of their materials, they should secure a good peg to hang them on. If their works are to live as works of art, they must possess symmetry and cohesion. As a connected story, nothing can be weaker than *Atherstone Priory*. The thread of incident is of the slightest—too slight to support the mass of dialogue and conversation with which it is overloaded. The gravest misunderstandings result from the most trumpery and inadequate causes. Arthur Darrell, for instance, confides to Lisa, after her marriage, his secret love for their cousin, Ellinor Tennent. This leads very inexplicably to an unpleasantness between the young wife and her husband. Perceiving that there is some secret between Lisa and Arthur, Percy grows jealous of the latter, but says nothing. Lisa, perfectly aware of the cause of estrangement, and able by one word to remove it, says nothing. Arthur Darrell, having no notion that he is compromising Lisa, says nothing. Ellinor, falling ill at a most inopportune moment, contributes nothing by way of explanation; or, rather, makes matters worse by certain incoherent utterances during delirium. At this juncture, all the members of the party having

\* *Atherstone Priory*. By L. N. Comyn, Author of "Ellice, a Tale." London: Longman & Co. 1864.

abdicated the use of their tongues, affairs are brought to a crisis by the arrival of the jealous and censorious Isabella. Detecting Arthur one night crouching in a shrubbery—with what intention it is not very easy to see, inasmuch as there was nothing to prevent his entering by way of the front door—she jumps to the conclusion that Lisa and Arthur are lovers. Thereupon she proceeds to play the part of Iago to the volcanic soldier's Othello. On hearing her suspicions, the latter is strongly tempted to kill Arthur, but fortunately refrains, and meantime an accident clears the whole mystery up. Now we put it to the authoress of *Atherstone Priory* whether such tremendous consequences—in which, by the way, we have not included the heroine's premature confinement and eventual death—were likely to follow so very commonplace an incident as that of one cousin telling another cousin that he was in love with a third? In a state of society where every one was resolutely mute of malice, these things might be. In a total eclipse of common sense, it is impossible to say what might or might not occur. But then this is not exactly the hypothesis upon which a book like *Atherstone Priory* professes to be based.

After all, improbability is not a very serious blemish if it does not actively irritate the reader, and so diminish the amount of pleasure which he would otherwise derive from a book. In a work written in so healthy a spirit, and with so much real delicacy of touch, as that before us, much may be condoned. If it reflects the chief characteristic of the class to which it belongs—the tendency to view life too exclusively from the young lady's standing-point—it must be remembered that young ladies are the very class whom it is intended to amuse and edify. The sayings and doings of an imaginary family circle, their love affairs, marriages, and quarrels, the balls at which they dance, and the picnics they attend, are just the things to interest the young people of real life who hover on the confines of the school-room and the drawing-room. And when these materials are worked up into a fresh and lively picture of country life, suffused though it be with one dominant tint, the result cannot fail to please juvenile readers. It is by a retrospective glance that one can best appreciate the gradual improvement that has been made in what is called family reading. These volumes may not possess the striking power of the author of *Adam Bede*, or the delicate humour with which every page of Miss Austen is crisp. But they are far in advance of the dreary insipidity of Mrs. Opie and the arid moralities of Hannah More. The meagreness of the old fare ought to reconcile us to the exuberance of the new.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE interest which belongs to the history of Louis XVI. and his family appears to be steadily increasing, and it is remarkable to notice how strong a reaction has set in against the revolutionary party. Count d'Hunolstein's volume, which we had occasion to examine a little while ago, has, we understand, met with an amount of popularity quite unprecedented, and the reading portion of the public turn from it only with the greater zest to the more detailed work of M. Feuillet de Conches.\* This thick octavo, the first of a series of four, contains the results of investigations prosecuted during twenty years by one of the most determined autograph-collectors we ever heard of. M. Feuillet de Conches has had the good fortune to obtain access to the State-paper offices of France, Sweden, Austria, and Russia. Many private persons also have allowed him to transcribe documents preserved amongst their family treasures; and, finally, purchases made at public auctions have added their quota to the work before us. The introduction contains a summary of the reign of Louis XVI., including an account of the reforms which he brought about, and of the obstacles he had to overcome in accomplishing them. The character of the Monarch is admirably sketched in a few lines. The Queen's reputation is vindicated against the abominable attacks of contemporary pamphleteers, and the principal persons of her *entourage*, such as Madame de Lamballe and the Duchess de Polignac, receive their due share of attention. The letters—two hundred and sixty-six in number—extend from May 8th, 1770 (the date of the Dauphiness's arrival at Strasburg), to February 13th, 1791. They comprise communications from M. de Mercy-Argenteau, M. de Simolin, and other statesmen; to each letter is prefixed a summary of its contents; and a variety of biographical and historical notes are added, amongst which we may name one on the scandalous affair of the diamond necklace (pp. 156-169), and another on Madame de Raigecourt (pp. 207-208).

M. Mortimer-Ternaux deserves also a conspicuous place on the list of those historians who are at present endeavouring to put in their proper light the various episodes of the French Revolution. His *Histoire de la Terreur*† has reached the fourth volume, and the interest of the work increases as it proceeds. We have now before us an account of the elections which followed the massacres of September; M. Mortimer-Ternaux shows us the Convention taking possession of the reins of government, and giving to royalty its death-blow. The history of Dumouriez' campaign in the Argonne occupies the next book; we have then an account of the first struggle between the

Girondists and the Mountain; and, finally, we have some interesting details respecting the affairs of the Church. As usual, M. Ternaux collects at the end of his volume documents of various kinds which serve to throw a new light upon some of the events he relates, and to refute errors hitherto accepted on very insufficient evidence. Our readers will notice especially the part referring to the capitulation of Verdun, and to the massacres ordered in consequence by the Republican Government.

In our last monthly summary we gave a short account of the edition of Madame Roland's Memoirs recently published under the superintendence of M. P. Faugère. The work now before us, although treating of the same personage, is framed according to a somewhat different plan, and contains, besides Madame Roland's autobiography, an historical sketch in which her contemporaries are brought together. M. Dauban begins his first volume\* by stating the various circumstances which give so peculiar an interest to the life of the Girondist heroine. We may regard her memoirs either as a political document intimately connected with one of the most eventful epochs of French history, or as a psychological analysis jotted down in all simplicity, and strangely free from that restraint which most women think indispensable when they commit to paper their deepest and most secret feelings. In discussing Madame Roland's correspondence, M. Dauban has judiciously multiplied extracts tending to illustrate both her political tendencies and her demeanour as a woman. Having received from nature a brilliant imagination, strong passions, and great determination of character, her education, deeply tinged with the philosophy of the age, was by no means calculated to keep these qualities in the right channel, and the result was a perversion of the moral sense which is conclusively proved by her letters to Buzot. These letters, now for the first time published by M. Dauban, are a curious mixture of patriotism and passion. In intensity of feeling they may be compared with those of Heloise, and they must now be considered as the necessary supplement of all editions of the Memoirs. With respect to the Memoirs themselves†, M. Dauban adopts a plan different from that selected by M. Faugère. He begins with what is generally known as the *Mémoires Particuliers*; he then gives the *Notices Historiques*, and concludes by printing the papers and decrees relating to Madame Roland's trial. Two portraits—one of Buzot, the other of Madame Roland—have been added, as well as several facsimiles.

In the hands of M. Crétineau-Joly, the Memoirs of Cardinal Gonsalvi‡ could not but be a text for endless and bitter declamations against united Italy, secret societies, and revolutionary principles in general. The conduct of Napoleon I. towards the Pope justified, most assuredly, a large amount of sympathy for Pius VII. personally; but whether the government of the Vatican can be defended on its merits, is a totally different question. M. Crétineau-Joly, in describing the administration of the Papal dominions, is obliged to make concessions of a very amusing character. We find him, for instance, talking of *peccadilles administratives*, which, if we allow for the author's strong prejudices, mean gross abuse of power. In another place he severely lectures the Romans on account of their dissatisfaction with their rulers. But it strikes us that a people must be better able to judge than strangers of the merits and demerits of its rulers. Paul Louis Courier, in one of his amusing letters, tells us that he was once, when prisoner of war, present at a council where the question of his being put to death was discussed, and that his captors allowed him to vote. M. Crétineau-Joly is less charitable in dealing with Italy, for he will not admit on the part of the Romans the right of even protesting against the Papal authorities. Cardinal Gonsalvi's memoirs, however, are very important from the new details they give concerning the political relations of France with the Court of Rome. The first volume contains chapters on the election of Pius VII., the Concordat, and Napoleon's marriage with the Archduchess of Austria; in the second, we have notes referring to various epochs in the Cardinal's life, and particularly to his Ministry. The memoirs begin with the death of Pius VI., and end in 1812, at the time when Gonsalvi was kept a prisoner at Rheims by order of the Emperor.

M. Blaize§ and M. Crétineau-Joly would not agree well. For the latter, the world is at its last stage of dissolution, because Ultramontaniam has been checkmated. According to the former, the ruin of the Papacy as a secular Power is a legitimate consequence of the progress of civilization, and will be reckoned as the most beneficial event of the nineteenth century. The *Voyage à la recherche d'un Soldat du Pape* consists of a series of feuilletons originally published in a provincial newspaper. The author supposes himself starting in quest of a friend who has joined the Papal troops; he travels from Marseilles to Rome, and during his excursion through the Eternal City he finds the means of giving us amusing particulars respecting the Papacy, ancient and modern, Alexander VI. and Monsignor de Mérode, Tetzels' indulgences and M. de Lamennais.

\* *Étude sur Madame Roland et son Temps*. Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.

† *Mémoires de Madame Roland*. Publiés avec des Notes, par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Mémoires du Cardinal Gonsalvi*. Publiés pour la première fois, par J. Crétineau-Joly. Paris: Plon.

§ *Voyage à la recherche d'un Soldat du Pape*. Par A. Blaize. Paris: Dentu.

\* *Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, et Madame Elisabeth. Lettres et Documents inédits, publiés par F. Feuillet de Conches*. Vol. 1. Paris: Plon.

† *Histoire de la Terreur*. Par M. Mortimer-Ternaux. Vol. 4. Paris: Lévy.

The brochure published by M. Charpillat\* expounds the theory of which M. Blaize has endeavoured to illustrate the practice. Progress being the watchword of modern civilization, the Roman Catholic Church is, he argues, necessarily opposed to it, because the doctrine of original sin stands in direct antagonism to progress of every kind. The error of making the Roman Catholic Church specially responsible for the doctrine of original sin is so gross that, with many people, it will be deemed a sufficient reason for taking no further notice of M. Charpillat's pamphlet. Our author seems to think that the Papacy has reached the last stage of its existence, and its death, he maintains, would be the signal for the triumph of Caesarism, if Christianity, under a modified form, did not permeate society by discarding all theological peculiarities, and diffusing the doctrine of universal brotherhood, which he conceives to be its essential characteristic. How Christianity is to manifest itself independently of any kind of dogmatic teaching is a question which M. Charpillat has not succeeded in solving.

The plays of M. Alexandre Dumas and those of M. Alfred de Vigny afford so strong a contrast that we can hardly imagine the same audience sitting through the *Trois Mousquetaires*, for instance, and admiring the poetry, the genius, and the taste which stamp so powerfully the *Maréchal d'Ancre*. Yet both dramatists began their theatrical career almost exactly in the same manner. Chatterton belongs evidently to the same epoch as *Antony*, and betrays with equal intensity the peculiar mental fever, the thirst for paradoxes of every description, which distinguished the early generation of Romanticists. But between M. Dumas and Count Alfred de Vigny there is this essential difference—the one, carried away by his woful facility of composition, sacrificed art to popularity. A few days ago, in a letter which is full of his usual rodomontade, he called himself a *vulgarisateur*; vulgar would, we think, be the most appropriate epithet. Now that is precisely what Count de Vigny never stooped to do.† He respected literature, he respected that portion of the public which is the best judge in matters of art; and though his dramatic works are contained within the small dimensions of one volume, they will live longer than the bulky collection of M. Alexandre Dumas. The attentive reader may find it curious to notice the fondness of Count de Vigny for English subjects. Besides the tragedy entitled *Chatterton*, we have here the translation of Shakspeare's *Othello*, and an elegant adaptation of the *Merchant of Venice*. What would Voltaire have said of this bold attempt to familiarize the "Modern Athenians" with our great dramatic poet? What would those timid critics have said who considered Ducis to be too extravagant?

M. Alexandre Dumas's seventh volume ‡ is specially remarkable for that famous version of *Hamlet* which created such a sensation when it was first brought out, on account of the liberty which the translator had taken with the text, and the reasons he gave to justify that liberty. The eighth volume contains the four parts (twenty acts!) of what the author calls the "dramatic epic" of *Montecristo*.

If Madame Georges Sand were not determined to wield the pen as long as she possesses strength to do so, she might write on the portico of her house at Nohant the following inscription, slightly modified, from Virgil—*Bulox nobis hæc otia fecit*. But although she for the present declines the *otium*, she takes care that her numerous friends shall not be deprived of it; for she has built expressly for them a small theatre where are acted plays of her own composition. Hence the volume now before us, and which is entitled *Théâtre de Nohant*.§ It contains—1. A three-act fantasia founded upon a legend of Berry, where the principal character, *Le Drac*, is a kind of sprite or goblin belonging to the same family as Robin Goodfellow. 2. An imitation of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, preceded by a prologue in which the merits of the Greek poet as a satirist and a moralist are well enumerated. 3. A short comedy, entitled by the authoress *Nouvelle Dialoguée*, and designed to be for country people what Alfred de Musset's *proverbes* were for the latitude of Paris. *La Nuit de Noël*, which follows next, is a long play written after Hoffmann's style. Finally, the volume gives us a *bonâ fide* tragedy in three acts, or rather a *drame*, as our neighbours would call it; we mean one of those doubtful productions where the tragic and the comic element, equally blended together, are applied to scenes of every-day life.

M. Ludovic Vitet, the great art-critic, seems equally at home in whatever branch of æsthetics he studies.¶ We are so accustomed to read his reviews of painting, sculpture, and architecture that we too often forget his taste as a musician; and his biographical sketches of Lesueur, Paul Delaroche, and Ary Scheffer have led people to notice with less attention than they ought his learned and interesting memoirs on the history of music. The fourth volume of the *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Art* comes, therefore, quite *à propos* to remind us that the domains selected by M. Vitet as peculiarly his own are more extensive than some would suppose. There is, for instance, the art of gardening. On this subject our author gives us a complete theory; and in discoursing to us about *Le Nôtre* and *La Quintinie*, Versailles and Ermenonville, he lays down a few

simple precepts which deserve to be studied. The same volume contains likewise eight articles on various questions connected with music, including a remarkable estimate of Rossini's talent, written nearly forty years ago, when the celebrated *maestro* was completing his *Guillaume Tell*.

The idea of giving in a series of volumes a description of the working classes is, we think, an excellent one\*; and we are quite of the opinion expressed by M. Vinçard, that it is time Frenchmen should know something about the *ouvriers*. Poetry, novels, and plays have been written in profusion for the purpose of portraying the *prolétariat*, but with what result? Some authors, whether through ignorance or designedly, have represented the Paris workmen as dangerous beings, always bent upon mischief, only happy when breathing the atmosphere of revolution, and forming a class against which the whole of society needs to be cautioned. Others have endeavoured to hoist the *ouvrier* on a pedestal, and to prove that, gifted beyond the rest of mankind with all the virtues and endowments which characterize a perfect creature, he alone is lawfully entitled to the comfort and happiness now exclusively appropriated by the aristocracy. M. Vinçard strives to avoid both extremes. He paints men and things as he finds them, and, instead of drawing upon the stores of his imagination, gives us statistical details, anecdotes borrowed from history, and trustworthy accounts of the various trades, their disadvantages, their dangers, and their peculiar difficulties. The present volume, entitled *Alimentation*, is devoted, as the title suggests, to those occupations which have anything to do with food.

After having reviewed, in the columns of *Le Petit Journal*, the Paris exhibition of pictures and sculptures for 1864, M. Edmond About re-publishes† his amusing articles, and thus adds a fresh chapter to the history of the Fine Arts. Until very lately the Government had, so to say, the monopoly of exhibitions, and the galleries of the Louvre were the only place open to painters or sculptors. Now, however, our neighbours have copied our example in this respect; and besides the grand display periodically made under the sanction of the *Institut*, Paris boasts of private enterprises set on foot by artists who seek to bring their productions before the public under the most favourable circumstances. M. About evidently approves of free-trade in works of art as well as in everything else. His notices of the different exhibitors are marked by his usual common sense, and by that vein of quiet satire in which he pre-eminently shines.

The group of writers who for a while gathered together around M. de Lamennais are obtaining a kind of posthumous notoriety. We have had the *reliques* of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin; the poems of M. Hippolyte de la Morvonnais are now re-edited in a cheap and elegant form by another member of the pleiad, M. Amédée Duquesnel.‡ If the reader can imagine a kind of mixture in which M. Sainte-Beuve and M. de Lamartine are equally combined, together with a strong dose of Roman Catholicism, they will have some idea of the volume entitled *La Thébaïde des Grèzes*. The poetry is harmonious, but it lacks colouring, and we are afraid that it will prove of little interest except to the author's immediate friends.

Our list of novels is as crowded as ever. Messrs. de Goncourt, whose literary reputation is chiefly connected with their critical compositions, occasionally condescend to lighter things. *Renée Maupérin*§ may be taken as a very fair specimen of what they can do in that line. It is a powerfully written story, founded upon an extraordinary fit of jealousy, and conspicuous by being free from the objectionable characters which are still so frequently described in French works of fiction. In *Les Nuits du Corso*|| there is a great affectation of originality, and the author, M. Robert Maunoir, is so studious of eccentricity, even in his preface, that it is difficult to know what he means. The book consists of a series of tales, the scene of which is laid in Rome, whilst the *dramatis personæ* include representatives of every class of society from the *bacchantes* to the *gens comme il faut*. For our part, when a work of fiction is not one of those substantial productions which immediately command attention and rank amongst the masterpieces of literature, we willingly content ourselves with amusing *pochades*, the only design of which is to excite in the reader a wholesome fit of laughter. Such are M. Bertroud's *Contes Parisiens*¶, and especially the first, entitled *Un Secret de Femme*. M. Ernest Serret, in his *Neuf Filles et un Garçon*\*\*†, excites our sympathies on behalf of a poor *employé*, who, notwithstanding his slender means, contrives, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to bring up a large family, and to live happily. Finally, M. Paul Féval's *Amélie Laïs*†† is a touching story intended to show the power of true love. The heroine, an actress, marries a young nobleman contrary to the wishes of his parents.

\* *Les Ouvriers de Paris. Alimentation.* Par Pierre Vinçard. Paris: Gondin.

† *Le Salon de 1864.* Par Edmond About. London and Paris: Hachette.

‡ *La Thébaïde des Grèzes.* Par Hippolyte de la Morvonnais. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Didier.

§ *Renée Maupérin.* Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

|| *Les Nuits du Corso.* Par Robert Maunoir. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Contes Parisiens.* Par Eugène Bertroud. Paris: Lévy.

\*\* *Neuf Filles et un Garçon.* Par Ernest Serret. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

†† *Amélie Laïs.* Par Paul Féval. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

\* *Confit du Catholicisme et de la Civilisation moderne.* Par Charles Charpillat. Paris: Dentu.

† *Théâtre Complet du Comte Alfred de Vigny.* Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Théâtre Complet d'Alexandre Dumas.* Vols. 7, 8. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Théâtre de Nohant.* Par Georges Sand. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Art.* Par M. L. Vitet. Vols. 3, 4. Paris: Lévy.

A quarrel ensues, but Annette Lais, who has managed by some stratagem to introduce herself amongst the relatives of her husband as a servant or companion, so thoroughly disarms them by her gentleness and her sterling qualities that all difficulties are removed, and reconciliation is effected.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.**—The Session will commence on Tuesday, First November, 1864. An ADDRESS to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir David Brewster, on Monday, November 14, at Two o'clock. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CALENDAR, 1864-5, published by Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.; per post, 3s. 1d.

By Order of the Senate, ALEXR. SMITH, Secretary to the University.  
September 1864.

**EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HALL.**—To be OPENED November 1, 1864, under the Direction of the Council.

Council.  
William Stirling, Esq., of Kells, Chairman.  
Archibald Campbell Swinton, Esq., Younger of Kimmerrhams.  
Sir David Brewster, K.H., Principal of the University.  
Robert Christison, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica, Edinburgh University.  
Thomas Laycock, M.D., Professor of Fæcile of Physic, Edinburgh University.  
John Tait, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff of Clackmannan.  
Thomas McKie, Esq., Advocate.  
John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek, Edinburgh University.  
Sir David Baxter, Bart.  
The Very Rev. Dean Ramsay.  
Charles Cowan, Esq., of Logan House.  
James Lorimer, Professor of Public Law, Edinburgh University.  
J. T. Gibson Craig, Esq., W.S.  
James Richardson, Esq.  
The Rev. T. J. Crawford, D.D., Professor of Divinity, Edinburgh University.  
Warden.—The Rev. D. F. Sandford, who will be assisted by competent Tutors.  
The Council has engaged Temporary Premises, at 11 Oxford Terrace, for a limited number of Students of the University, who will be provided with a Home and Tutorial assistance during the current Session, on moderate terms.—Application for Admission to the Hall should be accompanied by Testimonials as to Moral Character of Applicant, and may be addressed to the Warden, or to the Secretary, Mr. W. J. Mearns, 7 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, from whom all particulars may be obtained.  
Edinburgh, September 1864.

**QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND. — QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY. — SESSION 1864-5.**  
FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

The Matriculation Examinations in the Faculty of Medicine will commence on Tuesday, October 18.

Additional Matriculation Examinations will be held on November 24.

**SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.**  
In the Faculty of Medicine Eight Junior Scholarships of the value of £25 each, Six Exhibitions of the value of £10 each, and Two Exhibitions of the value of £18 each, are appropriated as follows:—Two Scholarships and Two Exhibitions to Students of the First, Second, and Third years, respectively. Two of the Scholarships and the Two Exhibitions are appropriated to Students of the Fourth year.  
The Examinations for Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Monday, October 24, and be proceeded with as laid down in the Prospectus.  
In addition to the Scholarships and Exhibitions above-mentioned, Prizes will be awarded by each Professor at the close of the Session.  
Scholars are exempted from the payment of a moiety of the Class Fees.

**HOSPITAL PUPILS.**  
Two Resident Pupils at the County Infirmary will be appointed by examination at the commencement of the Session.  
Further information may be had on application to the Registrar, from whom copies of the Prospectus may be obtained.

By Order of the President, WILLIAM LUPTON, M.A., Registrar.  
September 21, 1864.

**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield, Berks, Sept. 1864.**  
The Public Schools Commissioners having recommended that "the Governing Bodies of Schools should endeavour, as far as possible, to make the dates of their Holidays coincide," the HOLIDAYS at Bradfield are agreed henceforth as nearly as may be with the Holidays of Eton, at Christmas, Easter, and Midsummer.

**BRIXTON HILL COLLEGE AND COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,**  
Surrey, S. Principal—Dr. EDWARD T. WILSON, F.C.F. For Prospectuses, with Class Lists and full information, apply at the College.

**KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL, NORWICH.**  
Nine of the Pupils of this School are at this moment holders of Scholarships and Exhibitions in the Two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford.  
These distinctions have been gained in open competition, and are a sufficient testimony to the training which the successful Candidates have received.

The aggregate annual income which these Scholarships represent amounts to nearly £200. No account is taken in the calculation of any School Exhibition.  
During the last two years Nineteen Boys have been successful in the Examinations for Direct Commission in the Army, the Navy, the Incorporated Law Society, the Apothecaries' Hall, and the Civil Service, and no single instance has occurred of any Pupil from the School failing to pass any Test Examination whatever.

Norwich School is particularly rich in Prizes and Exhibitions, and the Scheme provides that under no circumstances shall there be less than Six Masters, whose stipends are a charge upon the Endowment.  
Full particulars as to Terms, &c., may be obtained on application to the Head Master, Rev. A. JESSOP, M.A., School House, Norwich.

**MILITARY and OFFICIAL COLLEGE, for the EARLY TRAINING of the YOUNGER SONS of the NOBILITY and GENTRY, under the superintendence of a well-known very successful Tutor, assisted by experienced Gentlemen from English and Foreign Universities. High-bred STUDENTS, between the ages of Seven and Fifteen, are here thoroughly grounded, each according to his individual abilities, in all the subjects, obligatory and voluntary, appointed as tests by the Council of Civil and Military Education.—Letters addressed to PRINCIPAL, 62 Jermyn Street, St. James's, W.**

**RUGBY.**—The Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of C.C.C. Cambridge, and Senior Assistant Master of Wellington College, and formerly Assistant Master at Shrewsbury, receives BOYS (of Nine Years of age and upwards) to be prepared for the Public Schools, the Competitive Examinations for Open Scholarships, &c. The next quarter commences October 17.—Address, OVERSLADE, near Rugby.

**THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.**—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 MOULTON STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

**SANDHURST, WOOLWICH, and the LINE.**—The Rev. C. J. HUGHES, M.A., LL.D. of Cambridge, and Wrangler of his year, receives a few PUPILS for the above. Has passed over Three Hundred.—Castlebar Court, Ealing, W.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE EXAMINATIONS.**  
**CAMBRIDGE M.A.,** assisted by a High Wrangler and other Experienced Masters, receives EIGHT RESIDENT PUPILS. References to Parents of Pupils who have Passed.—6 Angel Terrace, Brixton.

**TUITION.**—A Cambridge Wrangler purposes to commence residence in Town about the middle of October, and will be happy to receive PUPILS at his rooms, to read with him for Open Scholarships at the Universities, the Competitive Civil and Military Examinations, and others in which a knowledge of high Mathematics, moderate Classics, French, or the Natural History Sciences is required.—For Terms and Testimonials, apply to X. Z., Grantchester, Cambridge.

**A CLERGYMAN, M.A. of Cambridge, and late Fellow of his College,** assisted in Classics by the Second Classic of his Year there, receiving Twelve Pupils to be Educated for the Universities, Woolwich, and the Line, has VACANCIES, caused by the departure of Sons of Noblemen and Gentlemen who have been successful in the recent Public Examinations.—Address, R. F., 18 King Street, Bloomsbury Square.

**THE Rev. J. CHARLES THRING (Married),** for several years a Curate in the Diocese of Bath and Wells and Salisbury, and for the last five years an Assistant Master at Uppingham; is anxious to take a few PUPILS, not exceeding Fourteen years of age, to prepare for the Public Schools. The highest references given and required.—Address, Rev. J. CHARLES THRING, Chantry House, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilt.

**FIRST-CLASS LADIES' SCHOOL.**—Number Limited.—Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood. Eminent Professors are in daily attendance. References to Families of distinction.—Apply, by letter, to DALRY, care of Messrs. Addison & Lucas, 210 Regent Street, W.

**UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES** are offered to a FEW SONS of GENTLEMEN, by a Cantab. M.A., who, having had ten years' experience in Tuition, is now educating his own Boy at home as an Engineer, and requires suitable Companions for him. Combining practice with theory, he instructs in Mathematics, Languages, Drawing, and the Use of Tools, and has Water-power, driving Workshops, Lathes, &c.—Address, Rev. E. E. M. Farnall Hall, Derbyshire.

**AS PRIVATE TUTOR and COMPANION, or PRIVATE SECRETARY.**—An Oxford Graduate desires an Engagement of the above nature.—Address, GRADUATE, care of Messrs. Slater & Rose, Booksellers, Oxford.

**A BACHELOR of Arts of the University of Cambridge wishes** to devote three or four hours a day to TUITION, at his own House in Hampstead, or in London or the Neighbourhood.—Address, B.A., 2 Roslyn Terrace, Hampstead, N.W.

**A MARRIED B.A., Studying for the Bar, occupying his own House, in an excellent situation close to a Main Line Station, wishes to find a Young MARRIED COUPLE who would share Housekeeping with him.**—Address, T. M., Crystal Palace Reading-Room.

**TO FAMILIES of RANK.**—A Married M.D., Cambridge, residing in a large and elegant House, pleasantly situated in its own Grounds, Nine Miles West of London, would be happy to receive into his Family a LADY MENTALLY AFFLICTED, to whom he offers a refined and happy Home, with all the Social Advantages and Consideration so sad a state requires. High personal references can be given.—Address, M.D., Messrs. Williams & Co., 124 Oxford Street, W.

**RAY SOCIETY.**—Annual Subscription, One Guinea.—The Volume for 1864 is "A MONOGRAPH of the BRITISH SPONGIADÆ," by J. S. BURNARD, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 296, with 57 Plates.  
The Subscription List for this Volume will be closed on October 20, 1864.  
Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society can do so on application to the Secretary.  
H. T. STAINTON, F.L.S., F.G.S., Secretary.  
Mountfield, Lewisham, S.E.

**A PEWED CHURCH to the POOR WORSE THAN NO CHURCH AT ALL.**—Much has been said about the operation of the Pew System: how have you found that operate? Answer.—Several of the Churches depending upon Pew Rents have very little accommodation indeed for the poor, and the consequence is that the poor do not attend. I have often remarked that really it is worse, as regards the poor only, that there is a Church, because it prevents any further exertion being made to build a Church for the poor. I do not mean to say that it does no good; some of these Churches are well attended, but as to the poor themselves, it is really practically worse than if there was no Church at all. Way do you think it worse for the poor than if there was no Church? Answer.—While there is a Church in the District there is no likelihood of another being raised specially for the poor. The existing Church cannot answer any good purpose for the poor; it might as well be at the Land's End.—Evidence by CHARLES GAVAN, Esq., of Liverpool, before the Committee of the House of Lords on Spiritual Destitution.  
For Tracts on the Evils of the Pew System, apply to Mr. W. C. GRIMLEY, 5 Dale Street, Liverpool.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TOURIST TICKETS** for ONE MONTH are now issued from Paddington, Victoria, Hammer-smith, Kensington, Notting Hill, Chelsea, Battersea, Farringdon Street, King's Cross, Gower Street, and Finsbury Road Stations, to the COASTS of SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL; namely, Minehead, Linton, Ilfracombe, &c., Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes, Tynemouth, Falmouth, Penzance.  
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Paddington, July 1864. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

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